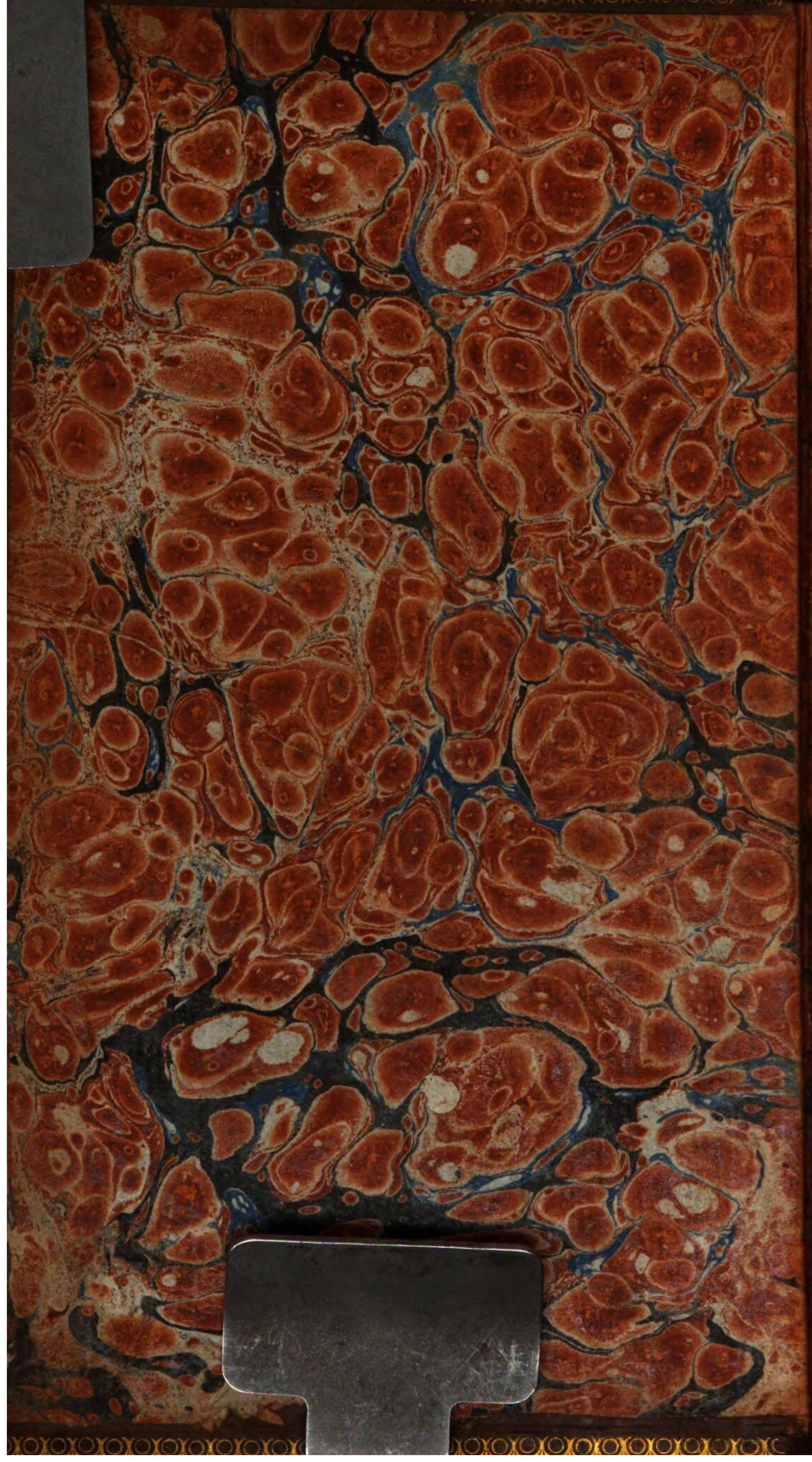
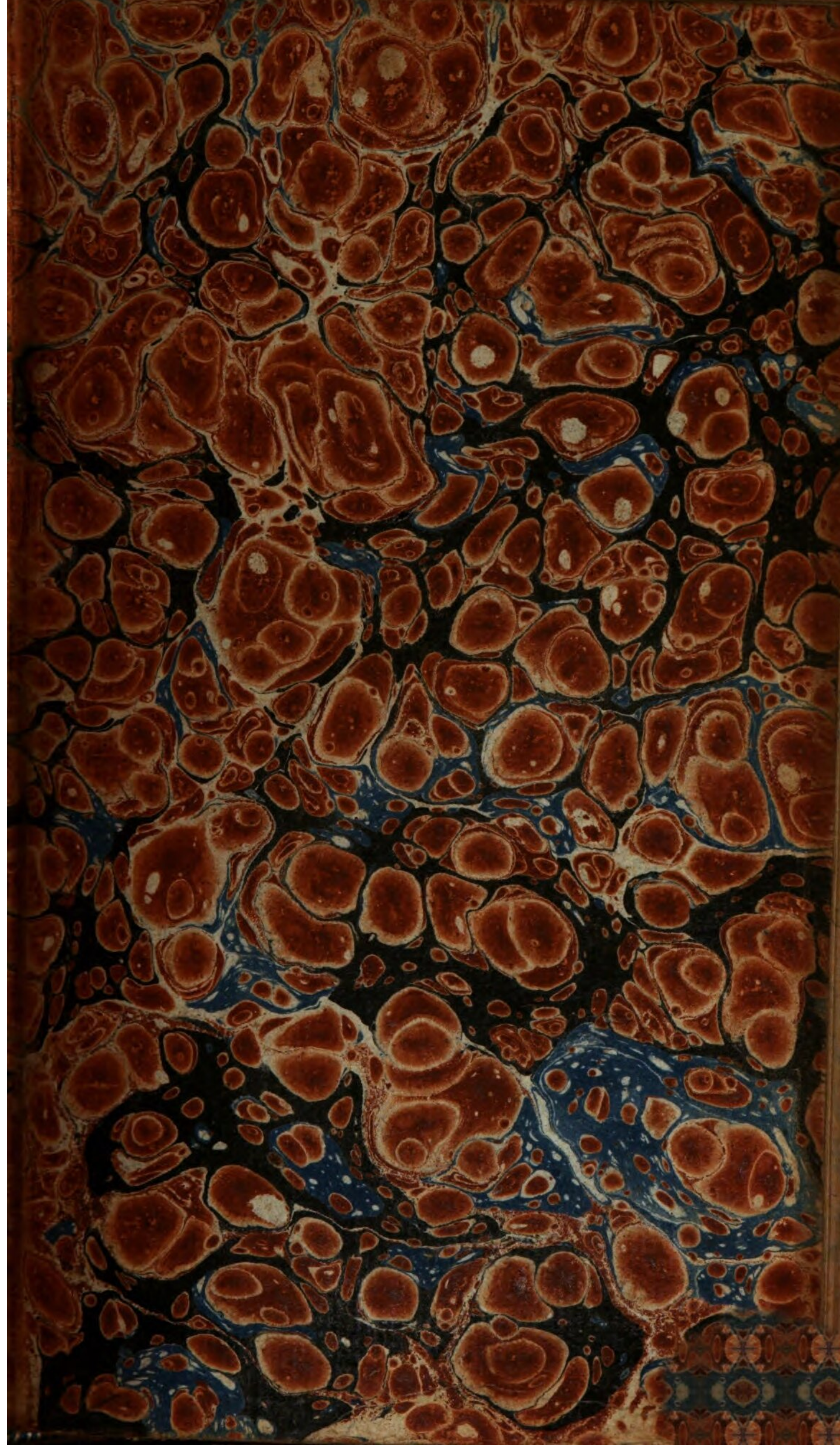


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Byron

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IN
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BY
JOHN GALT.
LONDON:
PRINTED BY
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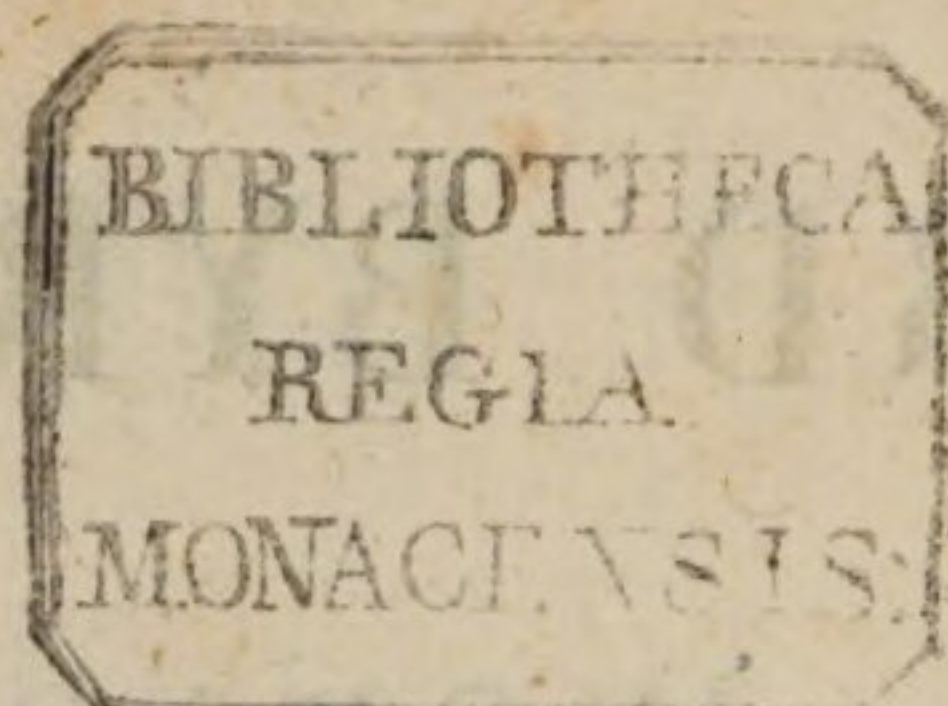
LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING :

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS — DON JUAN —
THE GIAOUR.

PARIS,
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REGIA

MONACENSIS

THE PREFACE.

ENGLISH BARDS,
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS;
A SATIRE.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

SHAKESPEARE.

Such shameless Bards we have ; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

POPE.

SCOTCH REVIEWERS;
AND
ENGLISH BARDS;
A SATIRE.

I had rather be a Kilmory, than a
Than one of these same little ballad-mongers.
SHAKESPEARE.
Each chamberless Bard we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandoned Critics too.
POPE.

PREFACE⁽¹⁾.

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be « turn'd from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain, » I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none *personally* who did not commence on the offensive. An Author's works are public property : he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases ; and the Authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them : I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, *if possible*, to make others write better.

(1) This Preface was written for the second edition of this poem, and printed with it.

indeed, require a Hercules to crush the Hydra ; but if the Author succeeds in merely « bruising one of the heads of the serpent, » though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

ENGLISH BARDS,
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

STILL must I hear?—shall hoarse (1) FITZGERALD bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews
Should dub me Scribbler, and denounce my Muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song.

Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my grey goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoomed to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with Verse or Prose,
Though Nymphs forsake, and Critics may deride
The Lover's solace, and the Author's pride:

(1) IMITATION.

« Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam
« Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?»

Juvenal, Sat. I.

MR. FITZGERALD, facetiously termed by COBBETT the
« Small Beer Poet, » inflicts his annual tribute of verse on
the « Literary Fund; » not content with writing, he spouts
in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quan-
tity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

What Wits! what Poets dost thou daily raise!
 How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
 Condemned at length to be forgotten quite,
 With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
 But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
 Once laid aside but now assumed again,
 Our task complete, like Hamet's (1) shall be free;
 Tho' spurned by others, yet beloved by me:
 Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
 No Eastern vision, no distempered dream
 Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
 Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
 And men through life her willing slaves obey;
 When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
 Unfolds her motley store to suit the time;
 When Knaves and Fools combined o'er all prevail,
 When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail,
 E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
 Afraid of Shame, unknown to other fears,
 More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,
 And shrink from Ridicule though not from Law.

Such is the force of Wit! but not belong
 To me the arrows of satiric song;
 The royal vices of our age demand
 A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
 Still there are follies e'en for me to chace,
 And yield at least amusement in the race:

(1) CID HAMET BENENGELI promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of DON QUIXOTE. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of CID HAMET BENENGELI!

Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
 The cry is up, and Scribblers are my game :
 Speed, Pegasus !—ye strains of great and small,
 Ode ! Epic ! Elegy, have at you all !
 I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time
 I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,
 A school-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame ;
 I printed—older children do the same.
 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;
 A Book's a Book, altho' there's nothing in't.
 Not that a Title's sounding charm can save
 Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave :
 This LAMBE must own, since his patrician name
 Failed to preserve the spurious Farce from shame (1).
 No matter, GEORGE continues still to write (2),
 Tho' now the name is veiled from public sight.
 Moved by the great example I pursue
 The self-same road, but make my own review :
 Not seek great JEFFREY's, yet, like him, will be
 Self-constituted Judge of Poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade,
 Save Censure—Critics all are ready made.
 Take hackneyed jokes from MILLER, got by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote ;
 A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault,
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt ;
 To JEFFREY go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet :
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit ;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit ;

(1) This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

(2) In the EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic hated, yet caressed.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics who themselves are sore;
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By JEFFREY'S heart, or LAMBE'S Boeotian head (1).

To these young tyrants (2), by themselves misplaced,
Combined usurpers on the throne of Taste;
To these when Authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as Truth, their word as Law;
While these are Censors, 'twould be sin to spare;
While such are Critics, why should I forbear?
But yet so near all modern worthies run,
'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our Bards and Censors are so much alike.

(3) Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er
The path which POPE and GIFFORD trod before:

(1) Messrs. JEFFREY and LAMBE are the Alpha and Omega,
the first and last of the Edinburgh Review; the others are
mentioned hereafter.

(2) « Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
« ——— occurras perituræ parcere chartæ.

Juvenal, Sat. I.

(3) IMITATION.

« Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo
« Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:
« Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam. »

Juvenal, Sat. I.

If not yet sickened, you can still proceed ;
Go on ; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,
When Sense and Wit with Poesy allied,
No fabled Graces, flourished side by side,
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, reared by Taste, bloomed fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy Isle, a POPE's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain ;
A polished nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
Like him great DRYDEN poured the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
Then CONGREVE's scenes could cheer, or OTWAY's melt ;
For Nature then an English audience felt—
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feebler Bards resign their place ?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
When Taste and Reason with those times are past.
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age ;
This truth at least let Satire's self allow,
No dearth of Bards can be complained of now :
The loaded Press beneath her labour groans,
And Printers' devils shake their weary bones,
While SOUTHEY's Epics cram the creaking shelves,
And LITTLE's Lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.

Thus saith the Preacher (1) ; nought beneath the sun
" Is new , " yet still from change to change we run :

(1) " Ecclesiastes, " cap. 1.

What varied wonders tempt us as they pass !
 The Cow-pox, Tractors, Galvanism, and Gas
 In turns appear to make the vulgar stare,
 Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air !
 Nor less new schools of poetry arise,
 Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize :
 O'er Taste awhile these Pseudo-bards prevail ;
 Each country Book-club bows the knee to Baal,
 And, hurling lawful Genius from the throne,
 Erects a shrine and idol of its own ;
 Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
 From soaring SOUTHEY down to groveling STOTT (1).

Behold ! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
 For notice eager, pass in long review :
 Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
 And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race ;
 Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode :
 And Tales of Terror jostle on the road ;
 Immeasurable measures move along ;
 For simpering Folly loves a varied song,

(1) STOTT, better known in the « Morning Post » by the name of HAFIZ. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the Bathos. I remember, to the reigning family of Portugal, a special ode of Master STOTT's beginning thus :

(Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.)

« Princely offspring of Braganza,

« Erin greets thee with a Stanza, etc. etc. »

Also a sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering ode, commencing as follows :

« Oh ! for a Lay ! loud as the surge

« That lashes Lapland's sounding shore. »

Lord have mercy on us ! the « Lay of the last Minstrel » was nothing to this.

To strange mysterious Dullness still the friend,
 Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
 Thus Lays of Minstrels (1)—may they be the last!—
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,
 While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
 That dames may listen to their sound at nights;
 And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood
 Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,

(1) See the « Lay of the Last Minstrel, » *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuising to Bayes' Tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, « a stark mosstrooper, » videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheepstealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, « 'twas his neck-verse at hairibee, » i. e. the gallows.

The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs-d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a Knight and Charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read or write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. CONSTABLE, MURRAY, and MILLER, worshipful Booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money, and, truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. SCOTT will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter Ballad imitations.

And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why,
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot spell,
Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, SCOTT! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though MURRAY with his MILLER may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted Muse and hireling Bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long, « good night to Marmion (1). »

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the Bards to whom the Muse must bow:

(1) « Good night to Marmion »—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of HENRY BLOUNT, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

While MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, alike forgot,
Resign their hallowed Bays to WALTER SCOTT.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,
When HOMER swept the lire, and MARO sung,
An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hailed the magic name:
The work of each immortal Bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years⁽¹⁾.
Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor Bards content,
On one great work a life of labour spent:
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the Ballad-monger SOUTHEY rise!
To him let CAMOENS, MILTON, TASSO, yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England, and the boast of France!
Though burnt by wicked BEDFORD for a witch,
Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin Phoenix from her ashes risen.

(1) As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story of the Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to MILTON and TASSO, we consider the « Paradise Lost, » and « Gierusalemme Liberata » as their standard efforts, since neither the « Jerusalem Conquered » of the Italian, nor the « Paradise Regained, » of the English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query : Which of Mr. SOUTHEY's will survive ?

Next see tremendous Thalaba come on (1),
 Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son;
 Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
 Immortal Hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
 For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!
 Since startled metre fled before thy face,
 Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy race!
 Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence,
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
 Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
 Oh! SOUTHEY, SOUTHEY (2)! cease thy varied song!
 A Bard may chaunt too often and too long:
 As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!
 A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;

(1) Thalaba, Mr. SOUTHEY's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous enough, but Thalaba was one of those poems « which, in the words of PORSON, will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—*not till then.* »

(2) We beg Mr. SOUTHEY's pardon: « Madoc disdains the degraded title of Epic. » See his preface. Why is Epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late Romancers of Masters COTTLE, Laureat PYE, OGILVY, HOLÉ, and gentle Mistress COWLEY, have not exalted the Epic Muse; but as Mr. SOUTHEY's poem « disdains the appellation, » allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

If still in Berkley Ballads most uncivil,
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil (1),
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :
 « God help thee, » SOUTHEY, and thy readers too (2).

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule,
 The simple WORDSWORTH, framer of a lay
 As soft as evening in his favourite May;
 Who warns his friend « to shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books for fear of growing double (3); »
 Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
 Convincing all by demonstration plain,
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme,
 Contain the essence of the true sublime :
 Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of « an idiot boy ; »
 A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way,
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day (4),

(1) See, *The Old Woman of Berkley*, a Ballad by Mr. SOUTHEY, wherein an aged Gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a « high trotting horse. »

(2) The last line, « God help thee, » is an evident plagiarism from the *Anti-jacobin* to Mr. SOUTHEY, on his *Dactyls* :

« God help thee, silly one. »—*Poetry of the Anti-jacobin*, page 23.

(3) *Lyrical Ballads*, page 4.—« The tables turned. » Stanza 1.

« Up, up my friend, and clear your looks,

« Why all this toil and trouble ?

« Up, up my friend, and quit your books,

« Or surely you'll grow double. »

(4) Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove that prose

So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the « idiot in his glory, »
 Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle COLERIDGE pass unnoticed here,
 To turgid ode, and tumid stanza dear?
 Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
 Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
 If inspiration should her aid refuse
 To him who takes a Pixy for a Muse (1),
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
 The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
 How well the subject suits his noble mind!
 « A fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind. »

Oh ! wonder-working LEWIS ! Monk, or Bard,
 Who fain would'st make Parnassus a church-yard !
 Lo ! Wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
 Thy Muse a Sprite, Apollo's sexton thou !
 Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
 By gibb'ring spectres hailed, thy kindred band ;
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
 To please the females of our modest age,

and verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable :

« And thus to Betty's questions he
 « Made answer, like a traveller bold,
 « The cock did crow to-whoo, to-whoo ;
 « And the sun did shine so cold : etc., etc. »

Lyrical Ballads, page 129.

(1) COLERIDGE'S Poems, page 11. Songs of the Pixies, *i. e.* Devonshire Fairies. Page 42, we have, « Lines to a young Lady, » and page 52, « Lines to a Young Ass. »

All hail, M. P. ! (1) from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;
At whose command, « grim women » throng in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With « small grey men, » — « wild yagers, » and what not,
To crown with honour, thee, and WALTER SCOTT :
Again all hail ! If tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease ;
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flushed,
Strikes his wild Lyre, whilst listening dames are hushed ?
'Tis LITTLE ! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay !
Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns ;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns :
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee, « mend thy line and sin no more. »

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian STRANGFORD ! with thine eyes of blue (2),
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,

(1) « For every one knows little Matt's an M. P. » — See a Poem to Mr. LEWIS, in THE STATESMAN, supposed to be written by Mr. JEKYLL.

(2) The reader who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to « STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS, » page 127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the Edinburgh Review of

Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss admi-
 res,
 And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
 Learn, if thou can'st, to yield thine author's sense,
 Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
 Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
 By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace?
 Mend, STRANGFORD! mend thy morals and thy taste;
 Be warm, but pure, be amorous, but be chaste:
 Cease to deceive; thy pilfered harp restore,
 Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy MOORE.

In many marble-covered volumes view
 HAYLEY, in vain attempting something new:
 Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
 Or scrawl, as WOOD and BARCLAY walk, 'gainst time,
 His style in youth or age is still the same;
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.
 Triumphant first see « Temper's Triumphs » shine!
 At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine.
 Of « Music's Triumphs » all who read may swear
 That luckless Music never triumphed there (1).

Moravians rise! bestow some meet reward
 On dull Devotion—lo! the Sabbath Bard,

STRANGFORD'S Camoens. It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as Poems of Camoens, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon.

(1) HAYLEY's two most notorious verse productions, are « Triumphs of Temper, » and « Triumphs of Music. » He has also written much Comedy in rhyme, Epistles, etc. etc. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend POPE's Advice to WYCHERLEY to Mr. H's consideration; viz. « to convert his poetry into prose, » which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

Sepulchral GRAHAME, pours his notes sublime,
 In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme,
 Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
 And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
 And undisturbed by conscientious qualms,
 Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms (1).

Hail Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
 A thousand visions of a thousand things,
 And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
 The maudlin Prince of mournful sonneteers.
 And art thou not their Prince, harmonious BOWLES!
 Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
 Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
 Or consolation in a yellow leaf;
 Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
 What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells (2),
 Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend,
 In every chime that jingled from Ostend?
 Ah! how much juster were thy Muse's hap,
 If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap!
 Delightful BOWLES! still blessing, and still blest,
 All love thy strain, but children like it best.
 'Tis thine with gentle LITTLE's moral song,
 To sooth the mania of the amorous throng!
 With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
 Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years:
 But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
 She quits poor BOWLES, for LITTLE's purer strain.

(1) Mr GRAHAME has poured forth two volumes of Cant, under the name of « Sabbath Walks, » and « Biblical Pictures.

(2) See BOWLES's Sonnets, etc. — « Sonnet to Oxford, » and « Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend. »

Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
 The lofty numbers of a harp like thine :
 « Awake a louder and a loftier strain (1), »
 Such as none heard before, or will again ;
 Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
 Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
 By more or less, are sung in every book,
 From Captain NOAH down to Captain Cook.
 Nor this alone, but pausing on the road,
 The Bard sighs forth a gentle episode (2) ;
 And gravely tells—attend each beauteous Miss!—
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
 BOWLES! in thy memory, let this precept dwell,
 Stick to thy Sonnets, man! at least they sell.
 But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
 If 'chance some bard, though once by dunces feared,
 Now, prone in dust, can only be revered ;
 If POPE, whose fame and genius from the first
 Have foiled the best of critics, needs the worst,
 Do thou essay; each fault, each failing scan ;
 The first of poets was, alas! but man !

(1) « Awake a louder, etc. etc. is the first line in BOWLES's « Spirit of Discovery ; » a very spirited and pretty dwarf Epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following—

« A kiss

« Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet

« Here heard ; they trembled even as if the power, » etc. etc.

—That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

(2) The Episode above alluded to, is the story of « Robert a Machin, » and « Anna d'Arfet, » a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
 Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in CURLL (1);
 Let all the scandals of a former age
 Perch on thy pen and flutter o'er thy page;
 Affect a candour which thou can'st not feel,
 Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
 Write as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
 And do from hate what (2) MALLETT did for hire.
 Oh! had'st thou lived in that congenial time,
 To rave with DENNIS, and with RALPH to rhyme (3),
 Thronged with the rest around his living head,
 Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,
 A meet reward had crowned thy glorious gains,
 And linked thee to the Dunciad for thy pains (4).

Another Epic! who inflicts again
 More books of blank upon the sons of men?
 Boeotian COTTLE, rich Bristowa's boast,
 Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,

(1) CURLL is one of the heroes of the Dunciad, and was a Bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord HERVEY, author of « Lines to the Imitator of Horace. »

(2) Lord BOLINGBROKE hired MALLETT to traduce POPE after his decease, because the Poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord BOLINGBROKE (the Patriot King), which that splendid, but malignant genius, had ordered to be destroyed.

(3) DENNIS, the critic, and RALPH, the rhymester.

« Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 « Making night hideous, answer him ye owls!
 Dunciad.

(4) See BOWLES's late edition of POPE's works, for which he received 300 pounds: thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
 The lofty numbers of a harp like thine :
 « Awake a louder and a loftier strain (1), »
 Such as none heard before, or will again ;
 Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
 Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
 By more or less, are sung in every book,
 From Captain NOAH down to Captain COOK.
 Nor this alone, but pausing on the road,
 The Bard sighs forth a gentle episode (2) ;
 And gravely tells—attend each beauteous Miss!—
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
 BOWLES! in thy memory, let this precept dwell,
 Stick to thy Sonnets, man! at least they sell.
 But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe ;
 If 'chance some bard, though once by dunces feared,
 Now, prone in dust, can only be revered ;
 If POPE, whose fame and genius from the first
 Have foiled the best of critics, needs the worst,
 Do thou essay ; each fault, each failing scan ;
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And sends his goods to market—all alive !
 Lines forty-thousand, Cantos twenty-five !
 Fresh fish from Helicon ! who'll buy ? who'll buy ?
 The precious bargain's cheap—in faith not I.
 Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
 Too much o'er bowls of Rack prolong the night :
 If commerce fills the purse she clogs the brain,
 And AMOS COTTLE strikes the Lyre in vain.
 In him an author's luckless lot behold !
 Condemned to make the books which once he sold.
 Oh ! AMOS COTTLE ! Phœbus !— what a name
 To fill the speaking trump of future fame !—
 Oh ! AMOS COTTLE ! for a moment think
 What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !
 When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
 Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?
 Oh ? pen perverted ! paper misapplied !
 Had (1) COTTLE still adorned the counter's side,
 Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
 Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
 Ploughed, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
 He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
 Rolls the huge rock, whose motions ne'er may sleep,
 So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond ! heaves
 Dull MAURICE (2) all his granite weight of leaves :

(1) Mr. COTTLE, AMOS or JOSEPH, I don't know which, but
 one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and
 now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of
 Epics. « Alfred » (poor Alfred ! Pye has been at him too !)
 « Alfred » and the « Fall of Cambria. »

(2) Mr. MAURICE hath manufactured the component parts
 of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of « Richmond

Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!
The petrifications of a plodding brain,
That ere they reach the top fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad ALCÆUS wanders down the vale!
Though fair they rose, and might have bloomed at last,
His hopes have perished by the northern blast:
Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
O'er his lost works let *classic* SHEFFIELD weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep (1)!

Yet, say! why should the Bard, at once, resign
His claim to favour from the sacred Nine?
For ever startled by the mingled howl
Of Northern wolves that still in darkness prowl:
A coward brood which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way:
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find,—these harpies must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to ARTHUR's seat (2)?

Hill, » and the like:—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

(1) Poor MONTGOMERY! though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the EDINBURGH. After all, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius: his « Wanderer of Switzerland » is worth a thousand « Lyrical Ballads, » and at least fifty « Degraded Epics. »

(2) ARTHUR's seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh

Health to immortal JEFFREY ! once, in name,
 England could boast a judge almost the same :
 In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
 Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
 And given the Spirit to the world again,
 To sentence Letters, as he sentenced men ;
 With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
 With voice as willing to decree the rack ;
 Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that law
 As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw.
 Since well instructed in the patriot school
 To rail at party, though a party tool,
 Who knows ? if chance his patrons should restore
 Back to the sway they forfeited before,
 His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
 And raise this Daniel to the Judgment Seat.
 Let JEFFREY'S shade indulge the pious hope,
 And greeting thus, present him with a rope :
 « Heir to my virtues ! man of equal mind !
 « Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind,
 « This cord receive ! for thee reserved with care,
 « To yield in judgment, and at length to wear. »

Health to great JEFFREY ! Heaven preserve his life,
 To flourish on the fertile shores of Eife,
 And guard it sacred in his future wars,
 Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars !
 Can none remember that eventful day,
 That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
 When LITTLE'S leadless pistol met his eye,
 And Bow-street Myrmidons stood laughing by ? (1)

(1) In 1806, Messrs. JEFFREY and MOORE met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the Magistracy ; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols,

Oh! day disastrous! on her firm set rock
 Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
 Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth,
 Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of the North;
 TWEED ruffled half his wave to form a tear,
 The other half pursued its calm career (1);
 ARTHUR's steep summit nodded to its base,
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
 The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms
 If JEFFREY died, except within her arms (2):
 Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn
 The sixteenth story where himself was born,
 His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
 And pale Edina shuddered at the sound:
 Strewed were the streets around with milk-white reams,
 Flowed all the Canongate with inky streams;
 This of his candour seemed the sable dew,
 That of his valour shewed the bloodless hue,

like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much wagging in the daily prints.

(1) The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the River to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

(2) This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front, might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

And all with justice deemed the two combined
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
 But Caledonia's Goddess hovered o'er
 The field, and saved him from the wrath of MOORE;
 From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,
 And strait restored it to her favourite's head.
 That head, with greater than magnetic power,
 Caught it, as Danaë the golden shower,
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
 Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.

« My son, » she cried, « ne'er thirst for gore again,
 « Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;
 « O'er politics and poesy preside,
 « Boast of thy country and Britannia's guide!
 « For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
 « Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
 « So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
 « Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
 « Behold a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
 « And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
 « First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen
 « The travelled Thane! Athenian Aberdeen (1).
 « HERBERT shall wield THOR's hammer (2), and sometimes
 « In gratitude thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.

(1) His Lordship has been much abroad, is a Member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of « GELL's Topography of Troy. »

(2) Mr. HERBERT is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a « Song on the Recovery of THOR's Hammer : » the translation is a pleasant chaunt in the vulgar tongue, and ended thus:—

« Instead of money and rings, I wot,
 « The hammer's bruises were her lot,
 « Thus Odin's son his hammer got. »

« Smug SYDNEY (1) too thy bitter page shall seek,
 « And classic HALLAM(2) much renowned for Greek.
 « SCOTT may perchance his name and influence lend,
 « And paltry PILLANS (3) shall traduce his friend;
 « While gay Thalia's luckless votary, LAMBE(4),
 « As he himself was damned, shall try to damn.
 « Known by the name! unbounded be thy sway!
 « Thy HOLLAND's banquets shall each toil repay;
 « While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,
 « To HOLLAND's hirelings, and to Learning's foes.
 « Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review
 « Spread its light wings of Saffron and of Blue,

(1) The REV. SYDNEY SMITH, the reputed Author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.

(2) Mr. HALLAM reviewed PAYNE KNIGHT's Taste, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not discovered that the lines were PINDAR's, till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of HALLAM's ingenuity.

The said HALLAM is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House. — If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his Lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions.—If he did not review Lord HOLLAND's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. HALLAM will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text, provided, nevertheless the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse; till then, HALLAM must stand for want of a better.

(3) PILLANS is a tutor at Eton.

(4) The honourable G. LAMBE reviewed « BERESFORD's Miseries, » and is moreover Author of a Farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late Theatre, Covent-Garden. It was entitled « Whistle for It. »

« Beware lest blundering BROUGHAM (1) destroy the sale,
 « Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to Kail. »
 Thus having said, the kilted Goddess kist
 Her son, and vanished in a Scottish mist (2).
 Illustrious HOLLAND!—hard would be his lot,
 His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot!
 HOLLAND, with HENRY PETTY at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse!
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
 See honest HALLAM lay aside his fork,
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,

(1) Mr. BROUGHAM, in No. XXV of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy : many of the worthy Burgesses of Edinburg being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

It seems that Mr. BROUGHAM is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from Trent to Tay ;—So be it.

(2) I ought to apologise to the worthy Deities for introducing a new Goddess with short petticoats to their notice : but, alas ! what was to be done ? I could not say Caledonia's Genius, it being well known there is no Genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness ; yet without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved ? The national « Kelpies, » etc. are too unpoetical, and the « Brownies » and « gude neighbours, » (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A Goddess therefore has been called for the purpose, and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

And grateful to the founder of the feast,
 Declare his landlord can translate, at least (1)!
 Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
 They write for food, and feed because they write:
 And lest, when heated with th' unusual grape,
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skims the cream of each critique;
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole (2).

Now to the Drama turn—oh! motley sight!
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
 Puns, and a Prince within a barrel pent (3),
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.
 Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,
 And full-grown actors are endured once more;
 Yet, what avails their vain attempts to please,
 While British critics suffer scenes like these?
 While REYNOLDS vents his «damns, poohs, and zounds (4),»
 And common place, and common sense confounds?

(1) Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the Author: both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests.

(2) Certain it is, her Ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review: however that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.

(3) In the melo-drame of Tekely, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, a new asylum for distressed heroes.

(4) All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R. and prominent in his Comedies, living and defunct.

While KENNY's World just suffered to proceed,
 Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?
 And BEAUMONT's pilfered Caratach affords
 A tragedy complete in all but words (1)?
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
 The degradation of our vaunted stage?
 Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?
 Have we no living Bard of merit?—none?
 Awake, GEORGE COLMAN, CUMBERLAND, awake!
 Ring the alarum bell, let folly quake!
 Oh! SHERIDAN! if aught can move thy pen,
 Let Comedy resume her throne again,
 Abjure the mummary of German schools,
 Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
 Give as thy last memorial to the age,
 One classic drama, and reform the stage.
 Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head
 Where GARRICK trod, and KEMBLE lives to tread?
 On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask,
 And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
 Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
 From CHERRY, SKEFFINGTON, and Mother Goose?
 While SHAKESPEARE, OTWAY, MASSINGER, forgot,
 On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
 Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
 The rival candidates for Attic fame!
 In grim array though LEWIS' spectres rise,
 Still SKEFFINGTON and GOOSE divide the prize.
 And sure *great* SKEFFINGTON must claim our praise,
 For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays,

(1) Mr. T. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, stripped the Tragedy of Bonduca of the Dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacles of Caractacus.—Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

Renowned alike ; whose genius ne'er confines
 Her flight to garnish GREENWOOD's gay designs (1);
 Nor sleeps with « Sleeping Beauties, » but anon
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on (2),
 While poor John Bull, bewildered with the scene,
 Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean ;
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few !
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now, ah ! wherefore should we turn
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn ?
 Degenerate Britons ! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dullness, do you fear to blame ?
 Well may the nobles of our present race
 Watch each distortion of a NALDI's face ;
 Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
 And worship CATALANI's pantaloons (3),
 Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace
 Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let AUSONIA, skilled in every art
 To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
 Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
 To sanction Vice and hunt decorum down :

(1) Mr. GREENWOOD is, we believe, Scene-Painter to Drury-Lane Theatre—as such Mr. S. is much indebted to him.

(2) Mr. S. is the illustrious author of the « Sleeping Beauty: » and some Comedies, particularly « Maids and Bachelors, » *Baccalaurei baculo magis quàm lauro digni.*

(3) NALDI and CATALANI require little notice,—for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds ; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the Lady's appearance in trowsers.

Let wedded strumpets languish o'er DESHAYES,
And bless the promise which his form displays;
While Gayton bounds before the enraptured looks
Of hoary Marquises, and stripling Dukes:
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Presle
Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil;
Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm and point the pliant toe;
Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
Strain her fair neck and charm the listening throng!
Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice!
Reforming Saints! too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave,
And beer undrawn and beards unmown display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle (1)!

(1) To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the Institution, and not the Duke of that name, which is here alluded to.

A gentleman with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at Backgammon; it is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested; but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connections, to hear the Billiard-tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an Institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallowed fane,
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
Behold the new Petronius (1) of the day,
The Arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired Eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and Lords combine :
Each to his humour,—Comus all allows ;
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade !
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made :
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of Poverty, except « en masque, »
When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropped, the gay Burletta o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor ;
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap :
The first in lengthened line majestic swim,
The last display the free, unfettered limb :
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
With art the charms which Nature could not spare ;
These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh ! blest retreats of infamy and ease !
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,

(1) Petronius, « Arbiter elegantiarum » to Nero, « and a very pretty fellow in his day, » as Mr. CONGREVE's Old Bachelor saith.

Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
 Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught :
 There the blithe youngster, just returned from Spain,
 Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main ;
 The jovial Caster's set, and seven's the nick,
 Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!
 If mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
 And all your hope or wish is to expire,
 Here's POWELL's pistol ready for your life,
 And, kinder still, a PAGET for your wife.
 Fit consummation of an earthly race
 Begun in folly, ended in disgrace,
 While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
 Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath ;
 Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
 The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
 To live like CLODIUS (1), and like FALKLAND (2) fall.
 Truth ! rouse some genuine Bard, and guide his hand
 To drive this pestilence from out the land.
 Even I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
 Just skilled to know the right and chuse the wrong,

(1) Mutato nomine

De te fabula narratur.

(2) I knew the late Lord FALKLAND well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality ; on Wednesday morning at three o'Clock, I saw, stretched before me, all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer ; his faults were the faults of a sailor, as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause ; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost
 To fight my course through Passion's countless host,
 Whom every path of pleasure's flowery way
 Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
 E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
 Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal:
 Altho' some kind, censorious friend will say,
 « What art thou better, meddling fool, than they? »
 And every Brother Rake will smile to see
 That Miracle, a Moralist in me.
 No matter—when some Bard in virtue strong,
 GIFFORD perchance, shall raise the chastening song,
 Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
 Be only heard to hail him and rejoice;
 Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise; though I
 May feel the lash that virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals,
 From silly HAFIZ (1) up to simple BOWLES,
 Why should we call them from their dark abode,
 In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham Road?
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street, or the Square?
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
 Most wisely doomed to shun the public sight,
 What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas, to himself;

(1) What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, HAFIZ, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with FERDOUSI and SADI, the Oriental HOMER and CATULLUS, and behold his name assumed by one STOTT of DROMORE, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the Daily Prints?

MILES ANDREWS still his strength in couplets try,
 And live in prologues, though his dramas die.
 Lords too are Bards : such things at times befall,
 And 'tis some praise in Peers to write at all.
 Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
 Ah ! who would take their titles with their rhymes ?
 ROSCOMMON ! SHEFFIELD ! with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head ;
 No Muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
 The paralytic puling of CARLISLE :
 The puny Schoolboy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away ;
 But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse ?
 What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer !
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer (1) !
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage ;
 But Managers for once cried, « hold, enough !
 Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.
 Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf :
 Yes ! doff that covering where Morocco shines,
 And hang a calf-skin (2) on those recreant lines.

(1) The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the Stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre : it is to be hoped his Lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the stage, except his own tragedies.

(2) « Doff that lion's hide :

« And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs. »

SHAK. : KING JOHN.

Lord C.'s works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves :

« The rest is all but leather and prunella. »

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
 With you I war not: GIFFORD'S heavy hand
 Has crushed, without remorse, your numerous band.
 On, « all the Talents » vent your venal spleen,
 Want your defence, let Pity be your screen.
 Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew,
 And Melville's Mantle (1) prove a Blanket too!
 One common Lethe waits each hapless Bard,
 And peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
 Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,
 With names of greater note in blest repose.
 Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
 The lovely ROSA'S prose in masquerade,
 Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
 Leave wondering comprehension far behind (2).
 Though CRUSCA'S bards no more our journals fill,
 Some stragglers skirmish round their columns still;
 Last of the howling host which once was BELL'S,
 MATILDA snivels yet, and HAFIZ yells;
 And MERRY'S metaphors appear anew,
 Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q. (3)

(1) MELVILLE'S Mantle, a parody on « Elijah's Mantle, » a poem.

(2) This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K—, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca School, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.

(3) These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
 Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
 Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
 St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the Muse,
 Heavens ! how the vulgar stare ! how crowds applaud !
 How ladies read, and Literati laud !
 If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
 'Tis sheer ill-nature ; don't the world know best ?
 Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
 And CAPEL LOFFT (1) declares 'tis quite sublime.
 Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade !
 Swains ! quit the plough, resign the useless spade :
 Lo ! BURNS and BLOOMFIELD (2), nay, a greater far,
 GIFFORD was born beneath an adverse star,
 Forsook the labours of a servile state,
 Stemmed the rude storm and triumphed over Fate :
 Then why no more ? if Phœbus smiled on you,
 BLOOMFIELD ! why not on brother Nathan too ?
 Him too the Mania, not the Muse, has seized ;
 Not inspiration, but a mind diseased :
 And now no Boor can seek his last abode,
 No common be enclosed, without an ode.
 Oh ! since increased refinement deigns to smile
 On Britain's sons, and bless our genial Isle,
 Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
 Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul :

(1) CAPEL LOFFT, Esq. the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and
 Preface-writer-General to distressed versemen ; a kind of
 gratis Accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of
 rhyme, but do not know how to bring it forth.

(2) See NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD's ode, elegy, or what-
 ever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure
 of « Honington Green. »

Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
 Compose at once a slipper and a song;
 So shall the fair your handiwork peruse;
 Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
 May Moorland (1) weavers boast Pindaric skill,
 And taylor's' lays be longer than their bill!
 While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
 Neglected Genius! let me turn to you.
 Come forth, oh CAMPBELL! (2) give thy talents scope;
 Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
 And thou, melodious ROGERS! rise at last,
 Recal the pleasing memory of the past;
 Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
 And strike to wonted tones thy hallowed lyre?
 Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
 Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
 What! must deserted Poesy still weep
 Where her last hopes with pious COWPER sleep?
 Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
 To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, BURNS!
 No! tho' contempt hath marked the spurious brood,
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food;
 Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast,
 Who, least affecting, still affect the most;

(1) Vide « Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire. »

(2) It would be superfluous to recal to the mind of the reader, the author of « The Pleasures of Memory » and « The pleasures of Hope, » the most beautiful Didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's Essay on Man: but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of CAMPBELL and ROGERS are become strange.

Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
Bear witness GIFFORD, SOTHEYBY, MACNEIL (1).

« Why slumbers GIFFORD? once was asked in vain (2):
Why slumbers GIFFORD? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall Peers or Princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the Law's and Muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, GIFFORD! be thy promise claimed,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy WHITE (3)! while life was in its spring,
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.

(1) GIFFORD, author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the first satires of the day, and Translator of *JUVENAL*.

SOTHEYBY, translator of *WIELAND*'s *Oberon*, and *Virgil*'s *Georgics*, and author of *Saul*, an epic poem.

MACNEIL, whose poems are deservedly popular: particularly « *SCOTLAND'S Scaith, or the Wæes of WVar,* » of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

(2) Mr. GIFFORD promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* should not be his last original works: let him remember; « *Mox in reluctantes Dracones.* »

(3) HENRY KIRKE WHITE died at Cambridge in October 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which Death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties

Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science's self destroyed her favourite son !
 Yes ! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
 'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low :
 So the struck Eagle stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart :
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
 While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be, who say in these enlightened days
 That splendid lies are all the Poet's praise ;
 That strained invention, ever on the wing,
 Alone impels the modern Bard to sing :
 'Tis true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
 Shrink from that fatal word to Genius—Trite ;
 Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires :
 This fact in Virtue's name let CRABBE attest,
 Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best.

And here let SHEE (1) and Genius find a place,
 Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace ;
 as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so
 short a period was allotted to talents, which would have
 dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to
 assume.

(1) Mr. SHEE, author of « Rhymes on Art, » and « Elements of Art. »

To guide whose hand the sister Arts combine,
 And trace the Poet's, or the Painter's line ;
 Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
 Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,
 While honours doubly merited attend
 The Poet's rival, but the Painter's friend.

Blest is the man ! who dares approach the bower
 Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour ;
 Whose steps have pressed, whose eye has marked afar
 The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
 The scenes which Glory still must hover o'er ;
 Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore :
 But doubly blest is he, whose heart expands
 With hallowed feelings for those classic lands ;
 Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
 And views their remnants with a poet's eye !
 WRIGHT (1) ! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
 Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ;
 And sure no common Muse inspired thy pen
 To hail the land of Gods and Godlike men.

And you, associate Bards (2) ! who snatched to light
 Those Gems too long withheld from modern sight ;
 Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
 Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,

(1) Mr. WRIGHT, late Consul-General for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem just published : it is entitled, « *Horæ Ionicæ*, » and is descriptive of the Isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.

(2) The translators of the Anthology have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

And all their renovated fragrance flung,
 To grace the beauties of your native tongue;
 Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse
 The glorious Spirit of the Grecian Muse,
 Though soft the echo, scorn a borrowed tone:
 Resign Achaia's lyre and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
 Restore the Muse's violated laws:
 But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
 That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme;
 Whose gilded cymbals, more adorned than clear,
 The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear,
 In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
 But now worn down, appear in native brass;
 While all his train of hovering sylphs around,
 Evaporate in similies and sound:
 Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die;
 False glare attracts, but more offends the eye (1).

Yet let them not to vulgar WORDSWORTH stoop,
 The meanest object of the lowly group,
 Whose verse of all but childish prattle void,
 Seems blessed harmony to LAMBE and LLOYD (2):
 Let them—but hold my Muse, nor dare to teach
 A strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach;
 The native genius with their feeling given
 Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

(1) The neglect of the "Botanic Garden," is some proof of returning taste; the scenery is its sole recommendation.

(2) Messrs. LAMBE and LLOYD, the most ignoble followers, of Southey and Co.

And thou, too, SCOTT (1)! resign to minstrels rude
 The wilder Slogan of a Border feud :
 Let others spin their meagre lines for hire ;
 Enough for Genius if itself inspire !
 Let SOUTHEY sing, altho' his teeming muse,
 Prolific every spring, be too profuse ;
 Let simple WORDSWORTH chime his childish verse,
 And brother COLERIDGE lull the babe at nurse ;
 Let Spectre-mongering LEWIS aim, at most,
 To rouse the Galleries, or to raise a ghost ;
 Let MOORE be lewd ; let STRANGFORD steal from MOORE,
 And swear that CAMOENS sang such notes of yore ;
 Let HAYLEY hobble on ; MONTGOMERY rave ;
 And godly GRAHAME chaunt a stupid stave ;
 Let sonneteering BOWLES his strains refine,
 And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line ;
 Let STOTT, CARLISLE (2), MATILDA, and the rest
 Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-Place the best,

(1) By the bye, I hope that in Mr. SCOTT's next poem his hero or heroine will be less addicted to « Gramarye, » and more to Grammar, than the Lady of the Lay, and her Bravo William of Deloraine.

(2) It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of CARLISLE, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover ; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it ; but as his Lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler : but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years beguiled a « discerning public » (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl ; no—his works

Scrawl on, 'till death release us from the strain,
 Or common sense assert her rights again ;
 But Thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
 Should'st leave to humbler Bards ignoble lays :
 Thy Country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,
 Demand a hallowed harp—that harp is thine.
 Say ! will not Caledonia's annals yield
 The glorious record of some nobler field,
 Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man ?
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
 For outlawed SHERWOOD's tales of Robin Hoop ?
 Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native Bard,
 And be thy praise his first, his best reward !
 Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
 But own the vast renown a world can give ;
 Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
 And tell the tale of what she was before ;

come fairly in review with those of other Patrieian Literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord CARLISLE : if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from Elegies, Eulogies, Odes, Episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark :

“ What can ennoble knaves, or *fools*, or cowards ?

“ Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards ! ”

so says POPE. Amen.

To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his Country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine Poet's hope
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other Victors (1) fill the applauding skies:
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the Poet and his song;
E'en now what once loved Minstrels scarce may claim
The transient mention of a dubious name!
When Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound the echo sleeps at last,
And Glory, like the Phoenix midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the Muse? ah no! she flies,
And even spurns the great Seatonian prize,
Though Printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by HOARE, and epic blank by HOYLE:
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list (2).
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

(1) «Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.»
VIRGIL.

(2) The «Games of Hoyle,» well known to the votaries
of Whist, Chess, etc. are not to be superseded by the va-
garies of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as
expressly stated in the advertisement, all the «Plagues of
Egypt.»

There CLARKE, still striving piteously « to please, »
 Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
 A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
 A monthly scribbler of some low Lampoon,
 Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
 And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
 Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
 Himself a living libel on mankind (1).
 Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race (2) !
 At once the boast of learning, and disgrace;
 So sunk in dullness and so lost in shame
 That SMYTHE and HODGSON (3) scarce redeem thy fame !
 But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
 The partial Muse delighted loves to lave,
 On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,
 To crown the Bards that haunt her classic grove,

(1) This person, who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the « Art of Pleasing, » as « *Lucus a non lucendo*, » containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the Satirist. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

(2) « Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals. »—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, etc. page 83, vol. 2. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

(3) This gentleman's name requires no praise; the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

* *

3.

Where RICHARDS wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons justly praise their Sires (1):

For me, who thus unasked have dared to tell
My country what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age.
No just applause her honoured name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the Muse.
Oh ! would thy Bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise, more worthy, Albion, of thy name !
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour,
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,
Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen :
But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shattered in the main :
Like these thy strength may sink in ruin hurled,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the World.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoffed at, 'till to late ;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy Bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain ! be thy rulers blest
The senate's oracles, the people's jest !
Still hear thy motley orators dispense
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
While CANNING's colleagues hate him for his wit,
And old dame PORTLAND (2) fills the place of PITT.

(1) The « Aboriginal Britons, » an excellent poem by RICHARDS.

(2) A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was

Yet once again adieu! ere this the sail
 That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale :
 And Afric's coast, and Calpe's (1) adverse height,
 And Stamboul's (2) minarets must greet my sight :
 Thence shall I stray through beauty's (3) native clime,
 Where Kaff (4) is clad in rocks, and crowned with snows sublime.
 But should I back return, no lettered rage
 Shall drag my common-place book on the stage :
 Let vain VALENTIA (5) rival luckless CARR,
 And equal him whose work he sought to mar ;
 Let ABERDEEN and ELGIN (6) still pursue
 The shade of fame through regions of Virtue ;
 Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
 Mis-shapen monuments and maimed antiques ;
 And make their grand saloons a general mart
 For all the mutilated blocks of art :

likened to an old woman? replied, « he supposed it was because he was past bearing. »

(1) Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.

(2) Stamboul is the turkish word for Constantinople.

(3) Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

(4) Mount Caucasus.

(5) Lord VALENTIA (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir JOHN CARR's unlucky suit, that DUBOIS's satire prevented his purchase of the « Stranger in Ireland. »—Oh fie, my Lord ! has your Lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist ? but « two of a trade, » they say, etc.

(6) Lord ELGIN would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias ! « Credat Judæus ! »

Of Dardan tours let Dilettanti tell,
 I leave topography to classic GELL (1);
 And, quite content, no more shall interpose
 To stun mankind with Poesy or Prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturbed career,
 Prepared for rancour, steeled 'gainst selfish fear :
 This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to own—
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,
 My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
 My page, though nameless, never disavowed,
 And now at once I tear the veil away :
 Cheer on the pack ! the Quarry stands at bay,
 Unscar'd by all the din of MELBOURNE house,
 By LAMBE's resentment, or by HOLLAND's spouse,
 By JEFFREY's harmless pistol, HALLAM's rage,
 EDINA's brawny sons and brimstone page.
 Our men in Buckram shall have blows enough,
 And feel, they too are « penetrable stuff : »
 And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
 Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.
 The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
 From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
 The meanest thing that crawled beneath my eyes ;
 But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
 I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth ;

(1) Mr. GELL's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss :
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a Poetaster down;
And, armed in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to Southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared to do; how far my lay
Hath wronged these righteous times let others say;
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

POSTSCRIPT (1).

I have been informed, since the present edition went to the Press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* Muse whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry :

« Tantæne animis cœlestibus Iræ ! »

I suppose I must say of JEFFREY as Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK saith, « an I had known he was so cunning of fence, « I had seen him damned ere I had fought him. » What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, JEFFREY ; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed « by lying and slandering, » and slake their thirst by « evil-speaking ? » I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury ;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud ? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there, « persons of honour and wit about town ; » but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal ; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed ; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels ; but, alas ! « The age of chivalry is over, » or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

(1) Published to the Second Edition.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (subaudi, Esq.), a Sizer of Emanuel College, and I believe a Denizen of Berwick upon Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet: he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the *Satirist* for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed I am guiltless of having heard his name, till it was coupled with the *Satirist*. He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my Bear and my Book, except the Editor of the *Satirist*, who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. JERNINGHAM is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle; I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy, and whatever he may say or do, « pour on, I will endure. » I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publisher, and in the words of SCOTT, I wish

« To all and each a fair good night,

« And rosy dreams and slumbers light. »

DON JUAN.

CASO I.

DON JUAN.

« Difficile est propriè communia dicere. »

HOR. *Epist. ad Pison.*

DOX JUAN

—
BIBLIOTECA DE PROPRIETAD PRIVADA
—

DON JUAN.

CANTO I.

I.

I WANT a hero : an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one ;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan,
We all have seen him in the Pantomime,
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now ;
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
Followers of fame, « nine farrow » of that sow :
France, too, had Buonaparte and Dumourier,
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

III.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
Petion, Cloutz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,
Were French, and famous people, as we know ;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,

Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Desaix, Moreau,
 With many of the military set,
 Exceedingly remarkable at times,
 But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
 And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;
 There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
 'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd;
 Because the army's grown more popular,
 At which the naval people are concern'd:
 Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,
 Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

V.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon,
 And since, exceeding valorous and sage,
 A good deal like him too, though quite the same none;
 But then they shone not on the poet's page,
 And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none,
 But can't find any in the present age
 Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one;)
 So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

VI.

Most epic poets plunge in "medias res,"
 (Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road)
 And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,
 What went before—by way of episode,
 While seated after dinner at his ease,
 Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
 Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
 Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—

My way is to begin with the beginning ;
The regularity of my design

Forbids all wandering as the worst of sinning,
And therefore I shall open with a line

(Although it cost me half an hour in spinning)
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,

Famous for oranges and women—he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,

So says the proverb—and I quite agree ;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,

Cadiz perhaps—but that you soon may see :—

Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,

A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

IX.

His father's name was Jose—*Don*, of course,

A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source

Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain ;
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,

Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,

Than Jose, who begot our hero, who

Begot—but that's to come——Well, to renew :

X.

His mother was a learned lady, famed

For every branch of every science known—

In every christian language ever named,

With virtues equall'd by her wit alone.

She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
 And even the good with inward envy groan,
 Finding themselves so very much exceeded
 In their own way by all the things that she did.

XI.

Her memory was a mine : she knew by heart
 All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
 So that if any actor miss'd his part
 She could have served him for the prompter's copy ;
 For her Feinagle's were an useless art,
 And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he
 Could never make a memory so fine as
 That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
 Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
 Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
 Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity ;
 In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
 A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
 Her evening' silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
 And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

XIII.

She knew the Latin—that is, « the Lord's prayer, »
 And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure ;
 She read some French romances here and there,
 Although her mode of speaking was not pure ;
 For native Spanish she had no great care,
 At least her conversation was obscure ;
 Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
 As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
 And said there was analogy between 'em;
 She proved it somehow out of sacred song,
 But I must leave the proofs to those who've seen 'em,
 But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,
 And all may think which way their judgments lean 'em,
 « 'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which means 'I am,'
 « The English always use to govern d—n. »

XV.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
 Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
 Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
 Or « Cœlebs' Wife » set out in quest of lovers,
 Morality's prim personification,
 In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers.
 To others' share let « female errors fall, »
 For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
 Of any modern female saint's comparison;
 So far above the cunning powers of hell,
 Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
 Even her minutest motions went as well
 As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:
 In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
 Save thine « incomparable oil, » Macassar! ²

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
 Insidious in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss
 Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,
 (I wonder how they got through the twelve hours)
Don Jose, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind
 With no great love for learning, or the learn'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
 And never dream'd his lady was concern'd :
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
 To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,
Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*,
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
 A great opinion of her own good qualities ;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
 And such, indeed, she was in her moralities ;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
 And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
 Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard ;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
 Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,

That you might « brain them with their lady's fan ; »

And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,

And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,

And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed

With persons of no sort of education,

Or gentlemen, who, though well-born and bred,

Grow tired of scientific conversation :

I don't choose to say much upon this head,

I'm a plain man, and in a single station,

But—Oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,

Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all ?

XXIII.

Don Jose and his lady quarrell'd—*why*,

Not any of the many could divine,

Though several thousand people chose to try,

'Twas surely no concern of theirs nor mine ;

I loathe that low vice curiosity,

But if there's any thing in which I shine

'Tis in arranging all my friend's affairs,

Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best

Intentions, but their treatment was not kind ;

I think the foolish people were possess'd,

For neither of them could I ever find,

Although their porter afterwards confess'd—

But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,

For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,

A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
 And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
 His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
 Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;
 Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
 Their senses, they'd have sent young master forth
 To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home,
 To teach him manners for the time to come.

XXVI.

Don Jose and the Donna Inez led
 For some time an unhappy sort of life,
 Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;
 They lived respectably as man and wife,
 Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
 And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
 Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
 And put the business past all kind of doubt.

XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,
 And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,
 But as he had some lucid intermissions,
 She next decided he was only *bad*;
 Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
 No sort of explanation could be had,
 Save that her duty towards man and God
 Required this conduct—which seem'd very odd.

XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
 And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,
 All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
 And then she had all Seville for abettors,

Besides her good old grandmother (who doted ;)

The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman bore

With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,

Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more—

Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaim'd, « What magnanimity ! »

XXX.

No doubt, this patience, when the world is damning us,

Is philosophic in our former friends ;

'Tis also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous,

The more so in obtaining our own ends ;

And what the lawyers call a « *malus animus*, »

Conduct like this by no means comprehends :

Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,

But then 'tis not *my* fault, if *others* hurt you.

XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,

And help them with a lie or two additional,

I'm not to blame, as you well know, no more is

Any one else—they were become traditional ;

Besides, their resurrection aids our glories

By contrast, which is what we just were wishing all :

And science profits by this resurrection—

Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
 Then their relations, who made matters worse ;
 ('Twere hard to tell upon a like occasion
 To whom it may be best to have recourse—
 I can't say much for friend or yet relation :)
 The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,
 But scarce a fee was paid on either side
 Before, unluckily, Don Jose died.

XXXIII.

He died : and most unluckily, because,
 According to all hints I could collect
 From counsel learned in those kinds of laws,
 (Although their talk's obscure and circumspect)
 His death contrived to spoil a charming cause ;
 A thousand pities also with respect
 To public feeling, which on this occasion
 Was manifested in a great sensation.

XXXIV.

But ah ! he died ; and buried with him lay
 The public feeling and the lawyer's fees :
 His house was sold, his servants sent away,
 A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
 A priest the other—at least so they say :
 I ask'd the doctors after his disease,
 He died of the slow fever call'd the tertian,
 And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.

Yet Jose was an honourable man,
 That I must say, who knew him very well ;
 Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,
 Indeed there were not many more to tell ;

And if his passions now and then outran
 Discretion, and were not so peaceable
 As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius,)
 He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.

XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
 Poor fellow ! he had many things to wound him,
 Let's own, since it can do no good on earth ;
 It was a trying moment that which found him
 Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
 Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round him ;
 No choice was left his feelings or his pride
 Save death or Doctors' Commons—so he died.

XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir
 To a chancery suit, and messuages, and lauds,
 Which, with a long minority and care,
 Promised to turn out well in proper hands :
 Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,
 And answer'd but to nature's just demands ;
 An only son left with an only mother
 Is brought up much more wisely than another.

XXXVIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she
 Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,
 And worthy of the noblest pedigree :
 (His sire was of Castile, his dam from Arragon.)
 Then for accomplishments of chivalry,
 In case our lord the king should go to war again,
 He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
 And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,
 And saw into herself each day before all
 The learned tutors whom for him she hired,
 Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral;
 Much into all his studies she inquired,
 And so they were submitted first to her, all,
 Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery
 To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

XL.

The languages, especially the dead,
 The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
 The arts, at least all such as could be said
 To be the most remote from common use,
 In all these he was much and deeply read;
 But not a page of any thing that's loose,
 Or hints continuation of the species,
 Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vicious.

XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,
 Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
 Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
 But never put on pantaloons or boddices;
 His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
 And for their *Æneids*, *Iliads*, and *Odysseys*,
 Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
 For Donna Inez dreaded the mythology.

XLII.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
 Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
 Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
 I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,

Although ³ Longinus tells us there is no hymn

Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample ;
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with « *Formosum Pastor Corydon.* »

XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong

For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food ;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,

Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song,

So much indeed as to be downright rude ;
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial ?

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,

Expurgated by learned men, who place,
Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,

The grosser parts ; but fearful to deface
Too much their modest bard by this omission,

And pitying sore his mutilated case,
They only add them all in an appendix,⁴
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index ;

XLV.

For there we have them all « at one fell swoop, »

Instead of being scatter'd through the pages ;
They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,

To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
Till some less rigid editor shall stoop

To call them back into their separate cages,
Instead of standing staring altogether,
Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)
 Was ornamented in a sort of way
 Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all
 Kinds of grotesques illumined ; and how they,
 Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
 Could turn their optics to the text and pray
 Is more than I know—but Don Juan's mother
 Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
 And homilies, and lives of all the saints ;
 To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
 He did not take such studies for restraints ;
 But how faith is acquired, and then insured,
 So well not one of the aforesaid paints
 As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,
 Which make the reader envy his transgressions.

XLVIII.

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—
 I can't but say that his mamma was right,
 If such an education was the true one.
 She scarcely trusted him from out her sight ;
 Her maids were old, and if she took a new one
 You might be sure she was a perfect fright,
 She did this during even her husband's life—
 I recommend as much to every wife.

XLIX.

Young Juan wax'd in goodliness and grace ;
 At six a charming child, and at eleven
 With all the promise of as fine a face
 As e'er to man's maturer growth was given :

He studied steadily, and grew apace,
 And seem'd, at least, in the right road to heaven,
 For half his days were pass'd at church, the other
 Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,
 At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy;
 Although in infancy a little wild,
 They tamed him down amongst them; to destroy
 His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd,
 At least it seem'd so; and his mother's joy
 Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
 Her young philosopher was grown already.

LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
 But what I say is neither here nor there:
 I knew his father well, and have some skill
 In character—but it would not be fair
 From sire to son to augur good or ill:
 He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—
 But scandal's my aversion—I protest
 Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but
This I will say—my reasons are my own—
 That if I had an only son to put
 To school (as God be praised that I have none)
 'Tis not with Donna Inez I would shut
 Him up to learn his catechism alone,
 No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,
 For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

LIII.

For there one learns—'tis not for me to boast,
 Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,
 As well as all the Greek I since have lost :

I say that there's the place—but "*Verbum sat*,"
 I think, I pick'd up too, as well as most,

Knowledge of matters—but no matter *what*—
 I never married—but, I think, I know
 That sons should not be educated so.

LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
 Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit; he seem'd
 Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;
 And every body but his mother deem'd
 Him almost man; but she flew in a rage,
 And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd,)
 If any said so; for to be precocious
 Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
 Selected for discretion and devotion,
 There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
 Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
 Of many charms in her as natural

As sweetness to the flower, or salt to Ocean,
 Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,
 (But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

LVI.

The darkness of her oriental eye
 Accorded with her Moorish origin;
 (Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by;
 In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin.)

When proud Grenada fell, and, forced to fly,
Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin
Some went to Africa, some staid in Spain,
Her great great grandmamma chose to remain.

LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be ;
At such alliances his sires would frown,
In that point so precise in each degree
That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts and nieces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh ;
For, from a root the ugliest in Old Spain
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh ;
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain :
But there's a rumour which I fain would hush,
'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

LIX.

However this might be, the race went on
Improving still through every generation,
Until it centr'd in an only son,
Who left an only daughter ; my narration
May have suggested that this single one
Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion
I shall have much to speak about,) and she
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)

Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise

Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise

A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

LXI.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow

Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,

Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,

As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common:
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man

Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE

'Twere better to have two of five and twenty,
Especially in countries near the sun:

And now I think on't, « *mi vien in mente,* »
Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue
Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

LXIII.

'Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,

And all the fault of that indecent sun,
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,

But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,

That howsoever people fast and pray
 The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone :
 What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
 Is much more common where the climate's sultry.

LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral north !
 Where all is virtue, and the winter season
 Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth ;
 ('Twas snow that brought Saint Anthony to reason ;)
 Where juries cast up what a wife is worth
 By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they please on
 The lover, who must pay a handsome price,
 Because it is a marketable vice.

LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,
 A man well looking for his years, and who
 Was neither much beloved, nor yet abhorr'd ;
 They lived together as most people do,
 Suffering each other's foibles by accord,
 And not exactly either *one* or *two* ;
 Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
 For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—
 With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend ;
 Between their tastes there was small sympathy,
 For not a line had Julia ever penn'd :
 Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,
 For malice still imputes some private end)
 That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,
 Forgot with him her very prudent carriage ;

LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connexion,
Which time had lately render'd much more chaste,
She took his lady also in affection,
And certainly this course was much the best :
She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,
And complimented Don Alfonso's taste ;
And if she could not (who can ?) silence scandal,
At least she left it a more slender handle.

LXVIII.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair
With other people's eyes, or if her own
Discoveries made, but none could be aware
Of this, at least no symptom e'er was shown ;
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,
Indifferent from the first, or callous grown :
I'm really puzzled what to think or say,
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,
Caress'd him often, such a thing might be
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,
When she had twenty years, and thirteen he ;
But I am not so sure I should have smiled
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three :
These few short years make wondrous alterations,
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

LXX.

Whate'er the cause might be, they had become
Changed ; for the dame grew distant, the youth shy,
Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,
And much embarrassment in either eye ;

There surely will be little doubt with some
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,
But as for Juan, he had no more notion
Than he who never saw the sea of Ocean.

LXXI.

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,
And tremulously gentle, her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
'Twas but a doubt; but ne'er magician's wand
Wrought change with all Armida's fairy art,
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while,
For that compression in its burning core;
Even innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

LXXIII.

But passion most dissembles yet betrays
Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,
And in whatever aspect it arrays
Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy;
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left ;
All these are little preludes to possession,
Of which young Passion cannot be bereft,
And merely tend to show how greatly Love is
Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

LXXV

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state ;
She felt it going, and resolved to make
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake ;
Her resolutions were most truly great,
And almost might have made a Tarquin quake ;
She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,
As being the best judge of a lady's case.

LXXVI.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,
And next day paid a visit to his mother,
And look'd extremely at the opening door,
Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another ;
Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
Again it opens, it can be no other,
'Tis surely Juan now—No ! I'm afraid
That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.

LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman
Should rather face and overcome temptation,
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
Should ever give her heart the least sensation ;

That is to say, a thought beyond the common
 Preference, that we must feel upon occasion,
 For people who are pleasanter than others,
 But then they only seem so many brothers.

LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?
 The devil's so very sly—she should discover
 That all within was not so very well,
 And, if still free, that such or such a lover
 Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell
 Such thoughts, and be the better when they're over;
 And if the man should ask, 'tis but denial:
 I recommend young ladies to make trial.

LXXIX.

And then there are such things as love divine,
 Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
 Such as the angels think so very fine,
 And matrons, who would be no less secure,
 Platonic, perfect, « just such love as mine : »
 Thus Julia said and thought so, to be sure,
 And so I'd have her think, were I the man
 On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
 Between young persons without any danger,
 A hand may first, and then a lip be kist;
 For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,
 But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list
 Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger:
 If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,
 But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,
 Was Julia's innocent determination
 In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
 Exertion might be useful on occasion ;
 And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
 Etherial lustre, with what sweet persuasion
 He might be taught, by love and her together—
 I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
 In mail of proof—her purity of soul,
 She, for the future of her strength convinced,
 And that her honour was a rock, or mole,
 Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
 With any kind of troublesome control ;
 But whether Julia to the task was equal
 Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel.

LXXXIII.

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible,
 And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen
 Not scandal's fangs could fix on much that's seizable,
 Or if they did so, satisfied to mean
 Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable—
 A quiet conscience makes one so serene !
 Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
 That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

LXXXIV.

And if in the mean time her husband died,
 But heaven forbid that such a thought should cross
 Her brain, though in a dream ! (and then she sigh'd)
 Never could she survive that common loss ;

But just suppose that moment should betide,
 I only say suppose it—*inter nos*,
 (This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought
 In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought.)

LXXXV.

I only say suppose this supposition :
 Juan being then grown up to man's estate
 Would fully suit a widow of condition,
 Even seven years hence it would not be too late ;
 And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
 The mischief, after all, could not be great,
 For he would learn the rudiments of love,
 I mean the seraph way of those above.

LXXXVI.

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan,
 Poor little fellow ! he had no idea
 Of his own case, and never hit the true one ;
 In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,
 He puzzled over what he found a new one,
 But not as yet imagined it could be a
 Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,
 Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
 His home deserted for the lonely wood,
 Tormented with a wound he could not know,
 His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude :
 I'm fond myself of solitude or so,
 But then, I beg it may be understood,
 By solitude I mean a sultan's, not
 A hermit's, with a haram for a grot.

LXXXVIII.

« Oh Love ! in such a wilderness as this,
 « Where transport and security entwine,
 « Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
 « And here thou art a god indeed divine. »
 The bard I quote from does not sing amiss, ⁵
 With the exception of the second line,
 For that same twining « transport and security »
 Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX.

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals
 To the good sense and senses of mankind,
 The very thing which every body feels,
 As all have found on trial, or may find,
 That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals
 Or love.—I won't say more about « entwined »
 Or « transport, » as we knew all that before,
 But beg « Security » will bolt the door.

XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks
 Thinking unutterable things ; he threw
 Himself at length within the leafy nooks
 Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew ;
 There poets find materials for their books,
 And every now and then we read them through,
 So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
 Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible.

XCI.

He, Juan (and not Wordsworth) so pursued
 His self-communion with his own high soul,
 Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
 Had mitigated part, though not the whole

Of its disease ; he did the best he could
With things not very subject to control,
And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,
Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
And how the deuce they ever could have birth ;
And then he thought of earthquakes, and of wars,
How many miles the moon might have in girth,
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies ;
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

XCIII.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern
Longings sublime, and aspirations high,
Which some are born with, but the most part learn
To plague themselves withal, they know not why :
'Twas strange that one so young should thus concern
His brain about the action of the sky ;
If *you* think 'twas philosophy that this did,
I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
And heard a voice in all the winds ; and then
He thought of wood nymphs and immortal bowers,
And how the goddesses came down to men :
He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hours,
And when he look'd upon his watch again,
He found how much old Time had been a winner—
He also found that he had lost his dinner.

XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,
 Boscan, or Garcilasso;—by the wind
 Even as the page is rustled while we look,
 So by the poesy of his own mind
 Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,
 As if 'twere one whereon magicians bind
 Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,
 According to some good old woman's tale.

XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away
 Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted;
 Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,
 Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,
 A bosom whereon he his head might lay,
 And hear the heart beat with the love it granted,
 With——several other things, which I forget,
 Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

XCVII.

Those lonely walks, and lengthening reveries,
 Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;
 She saw that Juan was not at his ease;
 But that which chiefly may, and must surprise,
 Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease
 Her only son with question or surmise;
 Whether it was she did not see, or would not,
 Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 'tis very common;
 For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take
 Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,
 And break the—Which commandment is't they break?

(I have forgot the number, and think no man
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)
I say, when these same gentlemen are jealous,
They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us.

XCIX.

A real husband always is suspicious,
But still no less suspects in the wrong place,
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace
By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious;
The last indeed's infallibly the case:
And when the spouse and friend are gone off wholly,
He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

C.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted;
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er discover,
The while the wicked world beholds delighted,
Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover,
Till some confounded escapade has blighted
The plan of twenty years, and all is over;
And then the mother cries, the father swears,
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

CI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,
She had some other motive much more near
For leaving Juan to this new temptation;
But what that motive was, I sha'n't say here;
Perhaps to finish Juan's education,
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,
In case he thought his wife too great a prize.

CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day ;—

Summer's indeed a very dangerous season,
And so is spring about the end of May ;

The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason ;
But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,

And stand convicted of more truth than treason,
That there are months which nature grows more merry in,
March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

CIII.

'Twas on a summer's day—the sixth of June :—

I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but moon ;

They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates
Change horses, making history change its tune,

Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
Excepting the post-obits of theology.

CIV.

'Twas on the sixth of June, about the hour
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven,
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower

As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,

To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long !

CV.

She sate, but not alone ; I know not well

How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I should not tell—

People should hold their tongues in any case ;

No matter how or why the thing befel,
But there were she and Juan, face to face—
When two such faces are so, 'twould be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI.

How beautiful she look'd ! her conscious heart
Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong.
Oh Love ! how perfect is thy mystic art,
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong,
How self-deceitful is the sagest part
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along—
The precipice she stood on was immense,
So was her creed in her own innocence.

CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,
And of the folly of all prudish fears,
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years :
I wish these last had not occur'd, in sooth,
Because that number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

CVIII.

When people say, « I've told you *fifty* times, »
They mean to scold, and very often do ;
When poets say, « I've written *fifty* rhymes,
They make you dread that they'll recite them too ;
In gangs of *fifty* thieves commit their crimes ;
At *fifty* love for love is rare, 'tis true,
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
A good deal may be bought for fifty Louis.

CIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth and love,
For Don Alfonso; and she inly swore,
By all the vows below, to powers above,
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove;
And while she ponder'd this, besides much more,
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own ;

CX.

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair ;
And to contend with thoughts she could not smother,
She seem'd by the distraction of her air.
'Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother
To leave together this imprudent pair,
She who for many years had watch'd her son so—
I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
Gently, but palpably confirm'd its grasp,
As if it said « detain me, if you please ; »
Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze ;
She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
But what he did, is much what you would do ;
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,
And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew

In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,
Love is so very timid when 'tis new :
She blush'd, and frown'd not, but she strove to speak,
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon :
The devil's in the moon for mischief ; they
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature ; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while.

CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control ;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose.

CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 'twas placed ;
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,
Or else 'twere easy to withdraw her waist ;
But then the situation had its charm,
And then—God knows what next—I can't go on ;
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

CXVI.

Oh Plato ! Plato ! you have paved the way,
 With your confounded fantasies, to more
 Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
 Your system feigns o'er the controlless core
 Of human hearts, than all the long array
 Of poets and romancers :—You're a bore,
 A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
 At best, no better than a go-between.

CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
 Until too late for useful conversation ;
 The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
 I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion,
 But who, alas ! can love, and then be wise ?
 Not that remorse did not oppose temptation,
 A little still she strove, and much repented,
 And whispering « I will ne'er consent »—consented.

CXVIII.

'Tis said that Xerxes offer'd a reward
 To those who could invent him a new pleasure ;
 Methinks, the requisition's rather hard,
 And must have cost his majesty a treasure :
 For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,
 Fond of a little love (which I call leisure ;)
 I care not for new pleasures, as the old
 Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

CXIX.

Oh pleasure ! you're indeed a pleasant thing,
 Although one must be damn'd for you, no doubt ;
 I make a resolution every spring
 Of reformation, ere the year run out,

But, somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,
 Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout :
 I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
 And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd.

CXX.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—
 Start not ! still chaster reader—she'll be nice hence—
 Forward, and there is no great cause to quake ;
 This liberty is a poetic licence,
 Which some irregularity may make
 In the design, and as I have a high sense
 Of Aristotle and the Rules, 'tis fit
 To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will
 Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day,
 Without whose epoch my poetic skill
 For want of facts would all be thrown away,)
 But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
 In sight, that several months have pass'd ; we'll say
 'Twas in November, but I'm not so sure
 About the day—the era's more obscure.

CXXII.

We'll talk of that anon.—'Tis sweet to hear
 At midnight on the blue and moonlight deep
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
 By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep ;
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
 From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
 The rainbow, based on Ocean, span the sky.

CXXIII.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
 'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
 Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
 In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth
 Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes
 From civic revelry to rural mirth ;
 Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
 Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
 Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
 Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
 The unexpected death of some old lady
 Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
 Who've made « us youth » wait too—too long already
 For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,
 Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
 That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
 Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

CXXVI.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels
 By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end
 To strife ; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
 Particularly with a tiresome friend ;

Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend
 Against the world ; and dear the schoolboy spot
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
 Is first and passionate love—it stands alone ,
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;
 The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—
 And life yields nothing further to recall
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
 Of his own nature, and the various arts,
 And likes particularly to produce
 Some now experiment to show his parts ;
 This is the age of oddities let loose,
 Where different talents find their different marts ;
 You'd best begin with truth, and when you've lost your
 Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen !
 (Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)
 One makes new noses, one a guillotine,
 One breaks your bones, one sets them in their sockets ;
 But vaccination certainly has been
 A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,

* * * * *

* * * * *

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes ;
 And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,
 But has not answer'd like the apparatus
 Of the Humane Society's beginning,
 By which men are unsuffocated gratis :
 What wondrous new machines have late been spinning !

* * * * *
 * * * * *

CXXXI.

* * * * *
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CXXXII.

This is the patent age of new inventions
 For killing bodies, and for saving souls,
 All propagated with the best intentions ;
 Sir Humphrey Davy's lantern, by which coals
 Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,
 Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles,
 Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
 Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

CXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
 And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure ;
 'Tis pity though, in this sublime world, that
 Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure ;
 Few mortals know what end they would be at,
 But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,
 The path is through perplexing ways, and when
 The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—and then—

CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—

And so good night.—Return we to our story :

'Twas in November, when fine days are few,

And the far mountains wax a little hoary,

And clap a white cape on their mantles blue ;

And the sea dashes round the promontory,

And the loud breaker boils against the rock,

And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.

'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night ;

No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud

By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright

With the piled wood, round which the family crowd ;

There's something cheerful in that sort of light,

Even as a summer sky's without a cloud :

I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,

A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

CXXXVI.

'Twas midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,

Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door

Arose a clatter might awake the dead,

If they had never been awoke before,

And that they have been so we all have read,

And are to be so, at the least, once more—

The door was fasten'd, but with voice and fist

First knocks were heard, then « Madam—Madam—hist!

CXXXVII.

« For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here's my master,

« With more than half the city at his back—

« Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!

« 'Tis not my fault—I kept good watch—Alack!

* *

« Do, pray undo the bolt a little faster—
 « They're on the stair just now, and in a crack
 « Will all be here ; perhaps he yet may fly—
 « Surely the window's not so *very* high! »

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
 With torches, friends, and servants in great number;
 The major part of them had long been wived,
 And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber
 Of any wicked woman, who contrived
 By stealth her husband's temples to encumber :
 Examples of this kind are so contagious,
 Were *one* not punish'd, *all* would be outrageous.

CXXXIX.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
 Could enter into Don Alfonso's head ;
 But for a cavalier of his condition
 It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
 Without a word of previous admonition,
 To hold a levee round his lady's bed,
 And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and sword,
 To prove himself the thing he most abhorr'd.

CXL.

Poor Donna Julia ! starting as from sleep,
 (Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept)
 Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep ;
 Her maid Antonia, who was an adept,
 Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
 As if she had just now from out them crept :
 I can't tell why she should take all this trouble
 To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,
 Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who
 Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,
 Had thought one man might be deterr'd by two,
 And therefore side by side were gently laid,
 Until the hours of absence should run through,
 And truant husband should return, and say,
 « My dear, I was the first who came away. »

CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
 « In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d'ye mean ?
 « Has madness seized you ? would that I had died
 « Ere such a monster's victim I had been !
 « What may this midnight violence betide,
 « A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen ?
 « Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill ?
 « Search, then, the room ! » — Alfonso said, « I will. »

CXLIII.

He search'd, *they* search'd, and rummaged every where,
 Closet and clothes-press, chest and window-seat,
 And found much linen, lace, and several pair
 Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
 With other articles of ladies fair,
 To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat :
 Arras they prick'd and curtains with their sword's,
 And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found—
 No matter what—it was not that they sought ;
 They open'd windows, gazing if the ground
 Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought ;

And then they stared each others' faces round :

'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue

Was not asleep—" Yes, search and search, " she cried,

" Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong !

" It was for this that I became a bride !

" For this in silence I have suffer'd long

" A husband like Alfonso at my side ;

" But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,

" If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

CXLVI.

" Yes, Don Alfonso ! husband now no more,

" If ever you indeed deserved the name,

" Is't worthy of your years ?—you have threescore,

" Fifty, or sixty—it is all the same—

" Is't wise or fitting causeless to explore

" For facts against a virtuous woman's fame ?

" Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,

" How dare you think your lady would go on so ?

CXLVII.

" Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold

" The common privileges of my sex ?

" That I have chosen a confessor so old

" And deaf, that any other it would vex,

" And never once he has had cause to scold,

" But found my very innocence perplex

" So much, he always doubted I was married—

" How sorry you will be when I've miscarried !

CXLVIII.

- « Was it for this that no cortejo ere
 « I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville?
 « Is it for this I scarce went any where,
 « Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel?
 « Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
 « I favour'd none—nay, was almost uncivil?
 « Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
 « Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely⁶?

CXLIX.

- « Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
 « Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
 « Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
 « Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
 « Were there not also Russians, English, many?
 « The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
 « And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
 « Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

CL.

- « Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
 « The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez,
 « And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
 « I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
 « I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
 « Me also, since the time so opportune is—
 « Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,
 « Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

CLI.

- « Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
 « Under pretence of business indispensable
 « With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
 « Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible

« Of having play'd the fool ? though both I spurn, he
 « Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,
 « Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,
 « And not from any love to you nor me.

CLII.

« If he comes here to take a deposition,
 « By all means let the gentleman proceed ;
 « You've made the apartment in a fit condition :—
 « There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—
 « Let every thing be noted with precision,
 « I would not you for nothing should be feed—
 « But as my maid's undrest, pray turn your spies out. »
 « Oh ! » sobb'd Antonia, « I could tear their eyes out. »

CLIII.

« There is the closet, there the toilet, there
 « The anti-chamber—search them under, over :
 « There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
 « The chimney—which would really hold a lover.
 « I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
 « And make no further noise, till you discover
 « The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
 « And when 'tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

CLIV.

« And now, Hidalgo ! now that you have thrown
 « Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
 « Pray have the courtesy to make it known
 « *Who* is the man you search for ? how d'ye call
 « Him ? what's his lineage ? let him but be shown—
 « I hope he's young and handsome—is he tall ?
 « Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
 « My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

CLV.

- “ At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,
“ At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
“ Or for so young a husband’s jealous fears—
“ (Antonia ! let me have a glass of water.)
“ I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
“ They are unworthy of my father’s daughter ;
“ My mother dream’d not in my natal hour
“ That I should fall into a monster’s power.

CLVI.

- “ Perhaps ’tis of Antonia you are jealous,
“ You saw that she was sleeping by my side
“ When you broke in upon us with your fellows :
“ Look where you please—we’ve nothing, sir, to hide ;
“ Only another time, I trust, you’ll tell us,
“ Or for the sake of decency abide
“ A moment at the door, that we may be
“ Drest to receive so much good company.

CLVII.

- “ And now, sir, I have done, and say no more ;
“ The little I have said may serve to show
“ The guileless heart in silence may grieve o’er
“ The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow :—
“ I leave you to your conscience as before,
“ ’Twill one day ask you *why* you used me so ?
“ God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief !
“ (Antonia ! where’s my pocket-handkerchief?)

CLVIII.

She ceased, and turn’d upon her pillow ; pale
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
Like skies that rain and lighten ; as a veil,
Waved and o’ershading her wan cheek, appears

Her streaming hair ; the black curls strive, but fail,
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
Its snow through all ;—her soft lips lie apart,
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused ;
Antonia bustled round the ransack'd room,
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom
Not one, except the attorney, was amused ;
He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,
Following Antonia's motions here and there,
With much suspicion in his attitude ;
For reputations he had little care ;
So that a suit or action were made good,
Small pity had he for the young and fair,
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these
Were proved by competent false witnesses.

CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure,
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
And treating a young wife with so much rigour,
He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes,
Added to those his lady with such vigour
Had pour'd upon him for the last half hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,
 To which the sole reply were tears, and sobs,
 And indications of hysterics, whose
 Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,
 Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose :—
 Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's ;
 He saw too, in perspective, her relations,
 And then he tried to muster all his patience.

CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
 But sage Antonia cut him short before
 The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
 With « Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,
 « Or madam dies. »—Alfonso mutter'd « D——n her,
 But nothing else, the time of words was o'er ;
 He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
 He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

CLXIV.

With him retired his « *posse comitatus*, »
 The attorney last, who linger'd near the door,
 Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
 Antonia let him—not a little sore
 At this most strange and unexplain'd « *hiatus* »
 In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
 An awkward look ; as he revolved the case
 The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh shame !
 Oh sin ! Oh sorrow ! and Oh womankind !
 How can you do such things—and keep your fame,
 Unless this world, and t'other too, be blind ?

Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name !

But to proceed—for there is more behind :
With much heart-felt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed.

CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say

How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,
No doubt, in little compass, round or square ;
But pity him I neither must nor may

His suffocation by that pretty pair ,
'Twere better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because

He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly , fined by human laws,
At least 'twas rather early to begin ;
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accounts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion :

'Tis written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,
And that the medicine answer'd very well ;
Perhaps 'twas in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

CLXIX.

What's to be done ? Alfonso will be back

The moment he has sent his fools away.

Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,

But no device could be brought into play—

And how to parry the renew'd attack ?

Besides, it wanted but few hours of day :

Antonia puzzled ; Julia did not speak,

But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand

Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair ;

Even then their love they could not all command,

And half forgot their danger and despair :

Antonia's patience now was at a stand—

“ Come, come, 'tis no time now for fooling there, ”

She whisper'd, in great wrath—“ I must deposit

“ This pretty gentleman within the closet :

CLXXI.

“ Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier night—

“ *Who* can have put my master in this mood ?

“ What will become on't ?—I am in such a fright,

“ The devil's in the urchin, and no good—

“ Is this a time for giggling ? this a plight ?

“ Why, don't you know that it may end in blood ?

“ You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,

“ My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.

“ Had it but been for a stout cavalier

“ Of twenty-five or thirty—(Come, make haste)

“ But for a child, what piece of work is here !

“ I really, madam, wonder at your taste—

« (Come, sir, get in) my master must be near.

« There, for the present, at the least he's fast,

« And, if we can but till the morning keep

« Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not sleep.) »

CLXXIII.

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,

Closed the oration of the trusty maid :

She loiter'd, and he told her to be gone,

An order somewhat sullenly obey'd ;

However, present remedy was none,

And no great good seem'd answer'd if she staid :

Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,

She snuff'd the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun

Some strange excuses for his late proceeding ;

He would not justify what he had done,

To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding ;

But there were ample reasons for it, none

Of which he specified in this his pleading :

His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,

Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call « *rigmarole*. »

CLXXV.

Julia said nought ; though all the while there rose

A ready answer, which at once enables

A matron, who her husband's foible knows,

By a few timely words to turn the tables,

Which if it does not silence still must pose,

Even if it should comprise a pack of fables ;

'Tis to retort with firmness, and when he

Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,
 Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known;
 But whether 'twas that one's own guilt confounds,
 But that can't be, as has been often shown,
 A lady with apologies abounds;
 It might be that her silence sprang alone
 From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,
 To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes two,
 Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,
 Mention'd his jealousy, but never who
 Had been the happy lover, he concluded,
 Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true,
 His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded;
 To speak of Inez now were, one may say,
 Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;
 Silence is best, besides there is a *tact*
 (That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,
 But it will serve to keep my verse compact)
 Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather rough,
 A lady always distant from the fact—
 The charming creatures lie with such a grace,
 There's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I
 Have always done so; 'tis of no great use,
 In any case, attempting a reply,
 For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;

And when at length they're out of breath, they sigh,
 And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose
 A tear or two, and then we make it up;
 And then—and then—and then—sit down and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begg'd her pardon,
 Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,
 And laid conditions, he thought, very hard on,
 Denying several little things he wanted:
 He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,
 With useless penitence perplex'd and haunted,
 Beseeching she no further would refuse,
 When lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes!—what then? not much, if they
 Are such as fit with lady's feet, but these
 (No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
 Were masculine; to see them, and to seize,
 Was but a moment's act.—Ah! Well—a-day!
 My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze—
 Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
 And then flew out into another passion.

CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,
 And Julia instant to the closet flew.
 « Fly, Juan, fly! for heaven's sake—not a word—
 « The door is open—you may yet slip through
 « The passage you so often have explored—
 « Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu!
 « Haste—haste!—I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
 « Day has not broke—there's no one in the street. »

CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,
The only mischief was, it came too late;
Of all experience 'tis the usual price,
A sort of income-tax laid on by fate:
Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,
And might have done so by the garden-gate,
But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him down.

CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light,
Antonia cried out « Rape ! » and Julia « Fire ! »
But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.
Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,
Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night;
And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher;
His blood was up; though young, he was a Tartar,
And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,
And they continued battling hand to hand,
For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;
His temper not being under great command,
If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
Alfonso's days had not been in the land
Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers' lives!
And how ye may be doubly widows—wives!

CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,
And Juan throttled him to get away,
And blood ('twas from the nose) began to flow;
At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,

Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,
 And then his only garment quite gave way;
 He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,
 I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids, who found
 An awkward spectacle their eyes before;
 Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,
 Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door;
 Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,
 Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more,
 Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,
 And liking not the inside, lock'd the out.

CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,
 How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,
 Who favours what she should not, found his way,
 And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight?
 The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
 The nine day's wonder which was brought to light,
 And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
 Were in the English newspapers, of course.

CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
 The depositions, and the cause at full,
 The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
 Of counsel to nonsuit or to annul,
 There's more than one edition, and the readings
 Are various, but they none of them are dull,
 The best is that in short-hand ta'en by Gurney,
 Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train
 Of one of the most circulating scandals
 That had for centuries been known in Spain,
 At least since the retirement of the Vandals,
 First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain)
 To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles;
 And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
 She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through
 All European climes, by land or sea,
 To mend his former morals, and get new,
 Especially in France and Italy,
 (At least this is the thing most people do.)

Julia was sent into a convent; she
 Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better
 Shown in the following copy of her letter:

CXCII.

« They tell me 'tis decided; you depart:
 « 'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain;
 « I have no further claim on your young heart,
 « Mine is the victim, and would be again;
 « To love too much has been the only art
 « I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
 « Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears,
 « My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

CXCIII.

« I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
 « State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
 « And yet can not regret what it hath cost,
 « So dear is still the memory of that dream;

« Yet, if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,
 « None can deem harshlier of me than I deem :
 « I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
 « I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

CXCIV.

« Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 « 'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
 « The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
 « Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
 « Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 « And few there are whom these can not estrange ;
 « Men have all these resources, we but one,
 « To love again, and be again undone.

CXCV.

« You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
 « Beloved and loving many ; all is o'er
 « For me on earth, except some years to hide
 « My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core;
 « These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
 « The passion which still rages as before,
 « And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
 « That word is idle now—but let it go. »

CXCVI.

« My breast has been all weakness, is so yet ;
 « But still I think I can collect my mind ;
 « My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
 « As roll the waves before the settled wind ;
 « My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
 « To all, except one image, madly blind ;
 « So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
 « As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

CXCVII.

« I have no more to say, but linger still,
 « And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
 « And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
 « My misery can scarce be more complete :
 « I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill ;
 « Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
 « And I must even survive this last adieu,
 « And bear with life, to love and pray for you ! »

CXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper
 With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new ;
 Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
 It trembled as magnetic needles do,
 And yet she did not let one tear escape her ;
 The seal a sunflower ; « *Elle vous suit partout,* »
 The motto, cut upon a white cornelian ;
 The wax was superfine, its hue vermillion.

CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape ; but whether
 I shall proceed with his adventures is
 Dependant on the public altogether ;
 We'll see, however, what they say to this,
 Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,
 And no great mischief's done by their caprice ;
 And if their approbation we experience,
 Perhaps they'll have some more about a year hence.

CC.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be
 Divided in twelve books ; each book containing,
 With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,
 A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,

New characters ; the episodes are three :

A panorama view of hell's in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
The *vade mecum* of the true sublime,
Which makes so many poets, and some fools ;
Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of rhyme,
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools ;
I've got new mythological machinery,
And very handsome supernatural scenery.

CCII.

There's only one slight difference between
Me and my epic brethren gone before,
And here the advantage is my own, I ween ;
(Not that I have not several merits more,
But this will more peculiarly be seen)
They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
Whereas this story's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
To history, tradition, and to facts,
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three acts ;
All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely faith exacts
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
 I'll write poetical commandments, which
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
 That went before ; in these I shall enrich
 My text with many things that no one knows,
 And carry precept to the highest pitch :
 I'll call the work « Longinus o'er a Bottle,
 Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle. »

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope ;
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey,
 Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
 The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy :
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
 And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy :
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
 Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
 His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his ;
 Thou shalt not bear false witness like « the Blues, »
 (There's one, at least, is very fond of this ;)
 Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose :
 This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
 Exactly as you please, or, not, the rod,
 But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d !

CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert
 This story is not moral, first, I pray,
 That they will not cry out before they're hurt,
 Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say,

(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert)
 That this is not a moral tale, though gay ;
 Besides, in canto twelfth, I mean to show
 The very place where wicked people go.

CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
 To their own good this warning to despise,
 Led by some tortuosity of mind,
 Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
 And cry that they « the moral cannot find, »
 I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies ;
 Should captains the remark or critics make,
 They also lie too—under a mistake.

CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,
 And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
 Which I with their amusement will connect,
 (So children cutting teeth receive a coral) ;
 Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
 My epical pretensions to the laurel :
 For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
 I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the editor,
 Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
 I'm for a handsome article his creditor ;
 Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
 And break a promise after having made it her,
 Denying the receipt of what it cost,
 And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
 All I can say is—that he had the money.

CCXI.

I think that with this holy new alliance
 I may ensure the public, and defy
 All other magazines of art or science,
 Daily, or monthly, or three monthly ; I
 Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,
 Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,
 And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
 Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

CCXII.

« *Non ego hoc ferrem calidâ juventâ*
 « *Consule Planco,* » Horace said, and so
 Say I ; by which quotation there is meant a
 Hint that some six or seven good years ago
 (Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)
 I was most ready to return a blow,
 And would not brook at all this sort of thing
 In my hot youth—when George the Third was King.

CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair is gray—
 (I wonder what it will be like at forty ?
 I thought of a peruke the other day)
 My heart is not much greener ; and, in short, I
 Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,
 And feel no more the spirit to retort ; I
 Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
 And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh ! never more on me
 The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
 Which out of all the lovely things we see
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new,

Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee :

Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew ?
Alas ! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh ! never more, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe !
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse :
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgement.

CCXVI.

My days of love are over, me no more ?
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before,
In short, I must not lead the life I did do ;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too,
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure ;
And the two last have left me many a token
O'er which reflection may be made at leisure :
Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head. I've spoken,
" Time is, Time was, Time's past, " a chymic treasure
Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

CCXVIII.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper :
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour ;
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their « midnight taper, »
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? old Egypt's King
 Cheops erected the first pyramid
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid ;
 But somebody or other rummaging,
 Burglariously broke his coffin's lid :
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

CCXX.

But I, being fond of true philosophy,
 Say very often to myself, « Alas!
 « All things that have been born were born to die,
 « And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass;
 « You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,
 « And if you had it o'er again—'twould pass—
 « So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
 « And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse. »

CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader, and
 Still gentler purchaser! the bard—that's I—
 Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
 And so your humble servant, and good bye!

We meet again, if we should understand
 Each other ; and if not, I shall not try
 Your patience further than by this short sample—
 'Twere well if others follow'd my example.

CCXXII.

« Go, little book, from this my solitude !

« I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways !

« And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,

« The world will find thee after many days. »

When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,

I can't help putting in my claim to praise—

The four first rhymes are Southey's every line :

For God's sake, reader ! take them not for mine.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

DON JUAN.

CANTO II.

I.

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals; never mind the pain:
The best of mothers and of educations

In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain,
Since in a way, that's rather of the oddest, he
Became divested of his native modesty.

II.

Had he but been placed at a public school,

In the third form, or even in the fourth,
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,

At least, had he been nurtured in the north;
Spain may prove an exception to the rule,

But then exceptions always prove its worth—
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,

If all things be consider'd: first, there was
His lady-mother, mathematical,

A——never mind; his tutor, an old ass;

A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,
 Or else the thing had hardly come to pass;))
 A husband rather old, not much in unity
 With his young wife—a time, and opportunity.

IV.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
 And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
 And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
 And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
 The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
 The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
 A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
 Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

V.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—

A pretty town, I recollect it well—

'Tis there the mart of the colonial trade is

(Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel)

And such sweet girls—I mean, such graceful ladies,

Their very walk would make your bosom swell;

I can't describe it, though so much it strike,

Nor liken it—I never saw the like:

VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb

New broke, a camelopard, a gazelle,

No—none of these will do;—and then their garb!

Their veil and petticoat—Alas! to dwell

Upon such things would very near absorb

A canto—then their feet and ancles—well,

Thank heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready,

And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be steady—

VII.

Chaste Muse !—well, if you must, you must—the veil
 Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
 While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
 Flashes into the heart :—All sunny land
 Of love ! when I forget you, may I fail
 To——say my prayers—but never was there plann'd
 A dress through which the eyes give such a volley,
 Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.

VIII.

But to our tale : the Donna Inez sent
 Her son to Cadiz only to embark ;
 To stay there had not answer'd her intent,
 But why !—we leave the reader in the dark—
 'Twas for a voyage that the young man was meant,
 As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
 To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
 And send him like a dove of promise forth.

IX.

Don Juan bid his valet pack his things
 According to direction, then received
 A lecture and some money : for four springs
 He was to travel ; and though Inez grieved,
 (As every kind of parting has its stings)
 She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed :
 A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
 Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

X.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
 Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school
 For naughty children, who would rather play
 (Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool ;

Infants of three years old were taught that day,
 Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool :
 The great success of Juan's education
 Spurr'd her to teach another generation.

XI.

Juan embark'd—the ship got under way,
 The wind was fair, the water passing rough ;
 A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
 As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough ;
 And standing upon deck, the dashing spray
 Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough :
 And there he stood to take, and take again,
 His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
 To see one's native land receding through
 The growing waters ; it unmans one quite,
 Especially when life is rather new :
 I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
 But almost every other country's blue,
 When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
 We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII.

So Juan stood, bewilder'd, on the deck :
 The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors swore,
 And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,
 From which away so fair and fast they bore.
 The best of remedies is a beef-steak
 Against sea-sickness ; try it, sir, before
 You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
 For I have found it answer—so may you,

XIV.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
 Beheld his native Spain receding far :
 First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
 Even nations feel this when they go to war ;
 There is a sort of unexpressed concern,
 A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar :
 At leaving even the most unpleasant people
 And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave,
 His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
 So that he had much better cause to grieve
 Than many persons more advanced in life ;
 And if we now and then a sigh must heave
 At quitting even those we quit in strife,
 No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
 That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
 By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion :
 I'd weep, but mine is not a weeping Muse,
 And such light griefs are not a thing to die on ;
 Young men should travel, if but to amuse
 Themselves ; and the next time their servants tie on
 Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
 Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and thought,
 While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,
 " Sweets to the sweet ; " (I like so much to quote :
 You must excuse this extract, 'tis where she,

The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
 Flowers to the grave ;) and sobbing often, he
 Reflected on his present situation,
 And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII.

« Farewell, my Spain ! a long farewell ! » he cried,
 « Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
 « But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
 « Of its own thirst to see again thy shore :
 « Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide !
 « Farewell, my mother ! and, since all is o'er,
 « Farewell, too dearest Julia ! » — (here he drew
 Her letter out again, and read it through.)

XIX.

« And oh ! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
 « But that's impossible, and cannot be—
 « Sooner shall this blue Ocean melt to air,
 « Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
 « Than I resign thine image, Oh ! my fair !
 « Or think of any thing excepting thee ;
 « A mind diseased no remedy can physic »—
 (Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.)

XX.

« Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)
 Oh, Julia ! what is every other woe ?—
 « (For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor—
 « Pedro ! Battista ! help me down below.)
 « Julia, my love !—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—
 « Oh Julia !—(this curst vessel pitches so)—
 « Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching ! »
 (Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
 Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
 Beyond the best apothecary's art,
 The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
 Or death of those we dote on, when a part
 Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends:
 No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
 But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII.

Love's a capricious power; I've known it hold
 Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
 But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
 And find a quinsy very hard to treat;
 Against all noble maladies he's bold,
 But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
 Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
 Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
 About the lower region of the bowels;
 Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
 Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
 And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
 Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect, how else
 Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
 Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

XXIV.

The ship, call'd the most holy « Trinidada, »
 Was steering duly for the port Leghorn:
 For there the Spanish family Moncada
 Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born:

They were relations, and for them he had a
Letter of introduction, which the morn
Of his departure had been sent him by
His Spanish friends for those in Italy,

XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and
A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,
Who several languages did understand,
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,
And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,
His head-ache being increased by every billow;
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made
His birth a little damp, and him afraid.

XXVI.

'Twas not without some reason, for the wind
Increased at night, until it blew a gale;
And though 'twas not much to a naval mind,
Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,
For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:
At sunset they began to take in sail,
For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the
Whole of her stern-frame, and ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy
The rudder tore away: 'twas time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not,
But they could not come at the leak as yet ;
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet :
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,

XXIX.

Into the opening ; but all such ingredients
Would have been vain, and they must have gone down,
Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
But for the pumps : I'm glad to make them known
To all the brother tars who may have need hence,
For fifty tons of water were upthrown
By them per hour, and they had all been undone
But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

XXX.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hand and one chain-pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh again : as it grew late
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset ;
The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget ;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,

Or any other thing that brings regret,
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks :
Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers
And swimmers who may chance to be survivors.

XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen ; first the mizen went,
The mainmast follow'd : but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.

Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted,)
And then with violence the old ship righted.

XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet,
That passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives as well as spoil their diet ;
That even the able seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

XXXIV.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion ; thus it was,
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time ; fright cured the qualms
Of all the luckless landmen's sea-sick maws :
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring Ocean.

XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols ; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

XXXVI.

“ Give us more grog, ” they cried, “ for it will be
“ All one an hour hence. ” Juan answer’d, “ No !
“ ’Tis true that Death awaits both you and me,
“ But let us die like men, not sink below
“ Like brutes : ” — and thus his dangerous post kept he,
And none liked to anticipate the blow ;
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation ;
Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation ;
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
To quit his academic occupation,
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,
To follow Juan’s wake like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more ;
Day broke, and the wind lull’d : the masts were gone,
The leak increased ; shoals round her, but no shore,
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.

They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,
And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?
But still 'tis best to struggle to the last:

'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd:
And though 'tis true that man can only die once,
'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

XL.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence,
Without their will, they carried them away;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jurymast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps was rather less,
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLII.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew
A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she roll'd,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more; he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were none
To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow;
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks, some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair;

And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'Twas difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less :
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition ;
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress :
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet ;
Water, a twenty gallon cask or so ;
Six flasks of wine ; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale ;
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail ;
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To saye one half the people then on board.

XLIX.

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one who hates us, so the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And hopeless eyes, which o'er the deep alone
Gazed dim and desolate; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud Ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies; and, what's worse, alas!
When over Catholics the Ocean rolls,
They must wait several weeks before a mass
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
Because, till people know what's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money on the dead—
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place ;
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
For Juan wore the magisterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
Of eyes were crying for their owner's case ;
Battista, though, (a name call'd shortly Tita)
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave ;
They could not rescue him although so close,
Because the sea ran higher every minute,
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don Jose's,
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the memory reposes
With tenderness,—stood howling on the brink,
Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses !)
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink ;
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

LIX.

He also stuff'd his money where he could
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,

As every rising wave his dread renew'd ;

But Juan, trusting they might still get through,
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

LX.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,

That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze ;
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

LXI.

Nine souls more went in her : the long-boat still

Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast :
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter

LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign

Of the continuance of the gale : to run
Before the sea, until it should grow fine,

Was all that for the present could be done :
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine

Were served out to the people, who begun
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
 Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;
 They did their best to modify their case,
 One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,
 While t'other half were laid down in their place,
 At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the tertian
 Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
 With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

LXIV.

'Tis very certain the desire of life
 Prolongs it; this is obvious to physicians,
 When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
 Survive through very desperate conditions,
 Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
 Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
 Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
 And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'Tis said that persons living on annuities
 Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
 Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
 That some, I really think, *do* never die;
 Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
 And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply:
 In my young days they lent me cash that way,
 Which I found very troublesome to pay.

LXVI.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,
 They live upon the love of life, and bear
 More than can be believed, or even thought,
 And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear,

And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
 Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;
 She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
 Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,
 And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
 He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
 But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey:
 Although his anatomical construction
 Bears vegetables in a grumbling way,
 Your labouring people think beyond all question,
 Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;
 For on the third day there came on a calm,
 And though at first their strength it might renew,
 And, lying on their weariness like balm,
 Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
 Of Ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
 And fell all ravenously on their provision,
 Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
 They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
 In spite of all remonstrances, and then
 On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
 They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men!
 And carry them to shore; these hopes were fine,
 But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
 It would have been more wise to save their victual.

LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child :
The fifth day , and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild :
So Juan's spaniel , spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan , who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun,
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not ; savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done ,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion , who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound,

And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
 'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found :
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
 And who should die to be his fellow's food.

— LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
 Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes ;
 And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,
 And none to be the sacrifice would choose ;
 At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
 But of materials that much shock the Muse—
 Having no paper, for the want of better,
 They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

LXXV.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,
 In silent horror, and their distribution
 Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
 Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution ;
 None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
 'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
 By which none were permitted to be neuter—
 And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death :
 The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
 Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
 You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
 He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
 Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
 And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
 And then held out his jugular and wrist.

LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains ;
But being thirstiest at the moment, he
Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins :
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
And such things as the entrails and the brains
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food ;
To these was added Juan, who, before
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increased much more ;
'Twas not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

LXXIX.

'Twas better that he did not ; for, in fact,
The consequence was awful in the extreme :
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
Went raging mad—Lord ! how they did blaspheme !
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And, with hyæna laughter, died despairing.

LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,
And all the rest were thin enough, heaven knows ;
And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their woes ;

But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
 As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
 Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,
 For having used their appetites so sadly.

LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,
 As fattest ; but he saved himself, because,
 Besides being much averse from such a fate,
 There were some other reasons ; the first was,
 He had been rather indisposed of late,
 And that which chiefly proved his saving clause,
 Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
 By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
 But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
 And others still their appetites constrain'd,
 Or but at times a little supper made ;
 All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
 Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead :
 At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy,
 And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
 Remember Ugolino condescends
 To eat the head of his arch-enemy
 The moment after he politely ends
 His tale ; if foes be food in hell, at sea
 'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,
 When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,
 Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXIV.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth
When dried to summer dust ; till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth ;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your birth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd ;
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven—If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early ; and when he was gone,

His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!"
"I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

XC.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

XCI.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

XCII.

It changed, of course ; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle,
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle.)

XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—
It is as well to think so, now and then ;
'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged ; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope

XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage, (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course) pass'd oft before their eyes,

And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell :—this seem'd a better omen still.

XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,
'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
Was not so safe for roosting as a church ;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence ; the stars shone out,
The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were about ;
Some fancied they saw land, and some said « No ! »
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,
And all mistook about the latter once.

XCVII.

As morning broke the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out, and swore
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more ;
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore ;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care ;
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep ; they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune gliding softly, caught her,
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind :
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it : they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the winds that blew ;
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale :
Their living freight was now reduced to four.

And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to
Such things a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew ;
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves ; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay :
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore, and overset her.

CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont ;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turn'd the art to some account.
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry :
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh ;
As for the other two they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas dash'd
Within his grasp ; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd ;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea :

CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave :

And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea,
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse from out the famish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd :
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar, (their jury-mast)
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

CXI.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

CXII.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

CXIII.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun

To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death; their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.

CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just
One should not rail without a decent cause :
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model ; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the cave :
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave ;
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same-time mystical and gay

CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case :
Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun ;
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,
But through them gold and gems profusely shone ;
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand ; but, what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials ; she
Had not so many ornaments to strike,
Her hair had silver only, bound to be

Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,
Which are (as I must own) of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions:
They made a most superior mess of broth,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

CXXIV.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize;
And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connexion with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he—though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd
For wandering merchant vessels, now and then,
And sometimes caught as many as he wish'd;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain

He sought in the slave-market too, and dish'd
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease;
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
A sad old fellow was he, if you please,
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidee,
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,

Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles :
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree

She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below

The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found,
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—

Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd;

But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,
Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,
As far as in her lay, « to take him in,
« A stranger » dying, with so white a skin.

CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house
Was not exactly the best way to save,
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
Or people in a trance into their grave ;
Because the good old man had so much « vous, »
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
He would have hospitably cured the stranger,
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best
(A virgin always on her maid relies)
To place him in the cave for present rest :
And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes,
Their charity increased about their guest ;
And their compassion grew to such a size,
It open'd half the turnpike-gates to heaven—
(St. Paul says 'tis the toll which must be given.)

CXXXII.

They made a fire, but such a fire as they
Upon the moment could contrive, with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch ;
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,
That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,
For Haidee stripp'd her sables off to make
His couch; and, that he might be more at ease,
And warm, in case by chance he should awake,
They also gave a petticoat apiece,
She and her maid, and promised by daybreak
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose:
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps, (God only knows)
Just for the present; and in his lull'd head
Not even a vision of his former woes
Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes spread
Unwelcome visions of our former years,
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless:—but the maid,
Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den
Look'd back upon him, and a moment staid,
And turn'd, believing that he call'd again.
He slumber'd; yet she thought, at least she said,
(The heart will slip even as the tongue and pen)
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,
Enjoining silence strict to Zoë, who
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
She being wiser by a year or two:

A year or two's an age when rightly spent,
 And Zoë spent hers, as most women do,
 In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
 Which is acquired in nature's good old college.

CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still
 Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon
 His rest; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
 And the young beams of the excluded sun,
 Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;
 And need he had of slumber yet, for none
 Had suffer'd more—his hardships were comparative
 To those related in my grand-dad's Narrative.

CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidee; she sadly toss'd and tumbled,
 And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,
 Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she stumbled,
 And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore;
 And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,
 And call'd her father's old slaves up, who swore
 In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and Greek,—
 They knew not what to think of such a freak.

CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,
 With some pretence about the sun, that makes
 Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set;
 And 'tis, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks
 Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are wet
 With mist, and every bird with him awakes,
 And night is flung off like a mourning suit
 Worn for a husband, or some other brute.

CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night,
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate ;
And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From day-break, and when coffin'd at fourscore,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

CXLI.

And Haidee met the morning face to face ;
Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
That overpowers some alpine river's rush,
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread ;
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.

CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
Taking her for a sister ; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

CXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepp'd
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept ;
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe,

(For sleep is awful) and on tiptoe crept

And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as death
Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath

CXLIV.

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying

Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and there
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,

As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:

But Zoë the meantime some eggs was frying,

Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,

And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry be;
Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,

And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring sea;
And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle;

I can't say that she gave them any tea,
But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,
With Scio wine—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.

And Zoë, when the eggs were ready, and

The coffee made, would fain have waken'd Juan;
But Haidee stopp'd her with her quick small hand,

And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoë needs must understand;

And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,
Because her mistress would not let her break
That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
 A purple hectic play'd like dying day
 On the snow-tops of distant hills; the streak
 Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
 Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak;
 And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
 Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,
 Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
 Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
 Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
 Lull'd like the depth of Ocean when at rest,
 Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
 Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
 In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
 Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
 But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
 Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
 Had further sleep a further pleasure made;
 For woman's face was never form'd in vain
 For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
 He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
 To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
 And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek
 The pale contended with the purple rose,
 As with an effort she began to speak;

Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
 Although she told him, in good modern Greek,
 With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
 That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
 Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,
 And her voice was the warble of a bird,
 So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
 That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard;
 The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
 Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
 Whence Melody descends as from a throne.

CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awoke
 By a distant organ, doubting if he be
 Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
 By the watchman, or some such reality,
 Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;
 At least it is a heavy sound to me,
 Who like a morning slumber—for the night
 Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLIII.

And Juan too, was help'd out from his dream,
 Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling
 A most prodigious appetite: the steam
 Of Zoë's cookery no doubt was stealing
 Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
 Of the new fire, which Zoë kept up, kneeling,
 To stir her viands, made him quite awake
 And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;
 Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton ;
 And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
 A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on :
 But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
 For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on,
 Others are fair and fertile, among which
 This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
 That the old fable of the Minotaur—
 From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking,
 Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore
 A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking
 The allegory) a mere type, no more,
 That Pasiphaë promoted breeding cattle,
 To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
 Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,
 Because 'tis liquor only, and being far
 From this my subject, has no business here ;
 We know, too, they are very fond of war,
 A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear ;
 So were the Cretans, from which I infer
 That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
 His head upon his elbow, and he saw
 A sight on which he had not lately gazed,
 As all his latter meals had been quite raw,

Three or four things, for which the Lord he praised,
 And, feeling still the famish'd vulture gnaw,
 He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like
 A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied ; and she,
 Who watch'd him like a mother, would have fed
 Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
 Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead :
 But Zoë, being older than Haidee,
 Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
 That famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
 And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,
 Rather by deeds than words, because the case
 Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate
 Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace
 The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,
 Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—
 She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,
 Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd
 Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to work,
 And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,
 And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,
 Or Greek—that is, although it not much matter'd,
 Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—
 They furnish'd him, entire except some stitches,
 With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

CLXI.

And then fair Haidee tried her tongue at speaking,
 But not a word could Juan comprehend,
 Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
 Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end ;
 And, as he interrupted not, went eking
 Her speech out to her *protégé* and friend,
 Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
 She saw he did not understand Romaic.

CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
 And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
 And read (the only book she could) the lines
 Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
 The answer eloquent, where the soul shines
 And darts in one quick glance a long reply ;
 And thus in every look she saw exprest
 A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
 And words repeated after her, he took
 A lesson in her tongue ; but by surmise,
 No doubt, less of her language than her look :
 As he who studies fervently the skies
 Turns oftener to the stars than to his book,
 Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
 From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

CLXIV.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
 By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
 When both the teacher and the taught are young,
 As was the case, at least, where I have been ;

They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
 They smile still more, and then there intervene
 Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss ;—
 I learn'd the little that I know by this :

CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,
 Italian not at all, having no teachers ;
 Much English, I cannot pretend to speak,
 Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,
 Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
 I study, also Blair, the highest reachers
 Of eloquence in piety and prose—
 I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
 A wanderer from the British world of fashion,
 Where I, like other « dogs, have had my day, »
 Like other men too, may have had my passion—
 But that, like other things, has pass'd away :
 And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on,
 Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me,
 But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun
 To hear new words, and to repeat them ; but
 Some feelings, universal as the sun,
 Were such as could not in his breast be shut
 More than within the bosom of a nun :
 He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,
 With a young benefactress—so was she,
 Just in the way we very often see.

CLXVIII.

And every day by day-break—rather early
 For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
 She came into the cave, but it was merely
 To see her bird reposing in his nest ;
 And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
 Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,
 Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,
 As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

CLXIX.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,
 And every day help'd on his convalescence ;
 'Twas well, because health in the human frame
 Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,
 For health and idleness to passion's flame
 Are oil and gunpowder ; and some good lessons
 Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
 Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart (without heart really
 Love, though good always, is not quite so good)
 Ceres presents a plate of vermicelly,—
 For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,—
 While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly :
 Eggs, oysters too, are amatory food ;
 But who is their purveyor from above,
 Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things ready,
 A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes
 That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
 Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size ;

But I have spoken of all this already—
And repetition's tiresome and unwise,—
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
Came always back to coffee and Haidee.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,
That bathing pass'd for nothing; Juan seem'd
To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,
Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd,
A something to be loved, a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd
To render happy; all who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake :
To live with him for ever were too much ;
But then the thought of parting made her quake :
He was her own, her Ocean treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

CLXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidee
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook ;
At last her father's prows put out to sea,
For certain merchantmen upon the look,
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,
But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio.

CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,
So that, her father being at sea, she was
Free as a married woman, or such other
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
Without even the incumbrance of a brother,
The freest she that ever gazed on glass :
I speak of christian lands in this comparison,
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garrison.

CLXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk,
(For they must talk,) and he had learnt to say
So much as to propose to take a walk,—
For little had he wander'd since the day
On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the stalk,
Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost,
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make
The outstretch'd Ocean glitter like a lake.

CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach,
Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your champagne,
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,
That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's rain!

Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach

Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,—
Let us have wine and woman, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk,

The best of life is but intoxication :

Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk

The hopes of all men, and of every nation ;

Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk

Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion :

But to return,—Get very drunk; and when

You wake with head-ache, you shall see what then.

CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring

Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know

A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king ;

For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,

Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,

Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,

After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,

Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I

Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—

Lay at this period quiet as the sky,

The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,

And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,

And dolphin's leap, and little billow crost

By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret

Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.

And forth they wandered, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition;
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoë, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd at it were plann'd,
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy Ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;

They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reckon'd;
And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second:
They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,
Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
The silent Ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night, they were
All in all to each other: though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there,—
And all the burning tongues the passions teach
Found in one sigh the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

CXC.

Haidee spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
Nor offer'd any; she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd;
She was all which pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird;
And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.

CXCI.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
And she was worshipp'd; after nature's fashion,
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,
If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—
But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
And beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidee's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

CXCII.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no further power,

Prompts deeds eternity can not annul,
But pays off moments in an endless shower
Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

CXCIII.

Alas! for Juan and Haidee! they were
So loving and so lovely—till then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever;
And Haidee, being devout as well as fair,
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
And hell and purgatory—but forgot
Just in the very crisis she should not.

CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

CXCV.

And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms;
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants.

CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture ; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

CXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of life with us is living ;
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving ;
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving ;
There lies the thing we love with all its errors
And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

CXCVIII.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power ;
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXCIX.

Alas ! the love of women ! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring

To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

CC.

They are right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

CCII.

Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this;
Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing—She had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat *here*.

CCIII.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!

How much it costs us! yet each rising throb
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,

That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob
Joy of its alchymy, and to repeat

Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a tough job
To make us understand each good old maxim,
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

CCIV.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted

Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:

Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,

Their priest was solitude, and they were wed:
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

CCV.

Oh Love! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,

Titus the master, Antony the slave,
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,

Sappho the sage blue-stockings, in whose grave
All those may leap who rather would be neuter—

(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)

Oh Love! thou art the very god of evil,

For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,

And jestest with the brows of mightiest men:

Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,

Have much employ'd the Muse of History's pen;

Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,
 Such worthies Time will never see again ;
 Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,
 They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers, there's Epicurus
 And Aristippus, a material crew !
 Who to immoral courses would allure us
 By theories quite practicable too ;
 If only from the devil they would insure us,
 How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new),
 « Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail us ? »
 So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

CCVIII.

But Juan ! had he quite forgotten Julia ?
 And should he have forgotten her so soon ?
 I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
 Perplexing question ; but, no doubt, the moon
 Does these things for us, and whenever newly a
 Palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,
 Else how the devil is it that fresh features
 Have such a charm for us poor human creatures ?

CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
 Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
 Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
 No permanent foundation can be laid ;
 Love, constant love, has been my constant guest,
 And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
 I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
 Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
And whisper'd « think of every sacred tie ! »
« I will, my dear Philosophy ! » I said,
« But then her teeth, and then, Oh heaven ! her eye !
« I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,
« Or neither—out of curiosity. »
« Stop ! » cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian,
(Though she was masqued then as a fair Venetian.)

CCXI.

« Stop ! » so I stopp'd.—But to return : that which
Men call inconstancy is nothing more
Than admiration due where nature's rich
Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
Some favour'd object ; and as in the niche
A lovely statue we almost adore,
This sort of adoration of the real
Is but a heightening of the « beau ideal. »

CCXII.

'Tis the perception of the beautiful,
A fine extension of the faculties,
Platonic, universal, wonderful,
Drawn from the stars, and filter'd through the skies,
Without which life would be extremely dull ;
In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
With one or two small senses added, just
To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

CCXIII.

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,
For surely if we always could perceive
In the same object graces quite as killing
As when she rose upon us like an Eye,

'Twould save us many a heart-ache, many a shilling,
(For we must get them any how, or grieve,)
Whereas if one sole lady pleased for ever,
How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver!

CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes night and day too, like the sky;
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction as on high;
But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierced, and riven,
Its storms expire in water drops; the eye
Pours forth at last the heart's-blood turn'd to tears,
Which make the English climate of our years.

CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,
But very rarely executes its function,
For the first passion stays there such a while,
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,
Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction,
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd "central."

CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more
In this anatomy, I've finish'd now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,
That being about the number I'll allow
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
Leaving Don Juan and Haidee to plead
For them and theirs with all who deign to read.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1, page 60, stanza v.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon.

« Vixère fortes ante Agamemnona, » etc.—HORACE.

Note 2, page 63, stanza xvii.

Save thine « incomparable oil, » Macassar!

« Description des vertus incomparables de l'huile de Macassar. »—See the Advertisement.

Note 3, page 71, stanza xlii.

Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn

Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample.

See Longinus, Section 10, « ἵνα μὴ ἐν τι περὶ αὐτὴν πάθος φαίνεται, παθῶν δὲ σύνοδος. »

Note 4, page 71, stanza xliv.

They only add them all in an appendix.

Fact. There is, or was, such an edition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.

Note 5, page 84, stanza lxxxviii.

The bard I quote from does not sing amiss.

Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, (I think) the opening of Canto II ; but quote from memory.

Note 6, page 101, stanza cxlviii.

*Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely?*

Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers—but Algiers very nearly took him: he and his army and fleet retreated with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city in the year 17—

Note 7, page 120, stanza ccxvi.

My days of love are over, me no more.

Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero;
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF
A TURKISH TALE.

« One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
« Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
« To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
« For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting. »

MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly ; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the « olden time ; » or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprize. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Musulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprize, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

ADVERTISEMENT

The tale which these disjointed fragments
present is founded upon circumstances now
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have better manners, or less enterprise. The
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of a female slave, who was thrown, in the illu-
sion of a dream, into the sea for infidelity, and
rescued by a young Persian, her lover, at the
time the Seven Islands were possessed by the
Hephthalites of Persia, and soon after the Araxes
yearly beaten back from the shores, which they
had ravaged for some time antecedent to the
Persian invasion. The description of the Mis-
sion, on being related the pleasure of Missus,
led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and
to the denouement of the story, during which
the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparal-
leled even in the annals of the faithful.

THE GIAOUR.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain :
When shall such hero live again ?

* * * * *

Fair clime ! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave ;
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there !
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,¹
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,

Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven ;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest ;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar
Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed,
There man, enamoured of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour ;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
Strange—that where all is peace beside

There passion riots in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevailed
 Against the seraphs they assailed,
 And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell ;
 So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye

That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill changeless brow,
 Where cold obstruction's apathy⁴
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed !⁵
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !

* *

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave ;
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach thou craven crouching slave :
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,

* *

Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points the Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell,
Yes ! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore ?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar,
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,⁶
And callous, save to crime ;
Stained with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes ;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast.

Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft ;
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renowned.
 In vain might Liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke :
 No more her sorrows I bewail,
 Yet this will be a mournful tale,
 And they who listen may believe,
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
 The shadows of the rocks advancing,
 Start on the fisher's eye like boat
 Of island-pirate or Mainote ;
 And fearful for his light caique,
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek :
 Though worn and weary with his toil,
 And cumbered with his scaly spoil,
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
 Till Port Leone's safer shore
 Receives him by the lovely light
 That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
 With slackened bit and hoof of speed ?
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound
 The caverned echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound ;
 The foam that streaks the courser's side
 Seems gathered from the ocean-tide :

Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
'There's none within his rider's breast ;
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour !
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface :
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt ;
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
As meteor like thou glidest by,
Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hastened, and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew :
Though like a demon of the night
He passed and vanished from my sight,
His aspect and his air impressed
A troubled memory on my breast,
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed ; he nears the steep,
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep ;
He winds around ; he hurries by ;
The rock relieves him from mine eye ;
For well I ween unwelcome he
Whose glance is fixed on those that flee ;
And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timeless flight.
He wound along ; but ere he passed
One glance he snatched, as if his last,

A moment checked his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed,
A moment on his stirrup stood—
Why looks he o'er the olive wood?
The crescent glimmers on the hill,
The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still :
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaike, ⁸
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.
To-night, set Rhamazani's sun ;
To-night, the Bairam feast's begun ;
To-night—but who and what art thou
Of foreign garb and fearful brow ?
And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou should'st either pause or flee ?
He stood—some dread was on his face,
Soon hatred settled in its place :
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient anger's hasty blush,
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed ;
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly :
Impatient of his flight delayed,
Here loud his raven charger neighed—
Down glanced that hand, and grasped his blade ;
That sound had burst his waking dream,
As slumber starts at owlet's scream.
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides ;
Away, away, for life he rides :

Swift as the hurled on high jerreed
Springs to the touch his startled steed ;
The rock is doubled, and the shore
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more ;
The crag is won, no more is seen
His christian crest and haughty mien.

'Twas but an instant he restrained
That fiery barb so sternly reined ;
'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by Death pursued ;
But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of Memory seemed to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years :
What felt *he* then, at once opprest
By all that most distracts the breast ?
That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date !
Though in time's record nearly nought,
It was eternity to thought !
For infinite as boundless space
The thought that conscience must embrace,
Which in itself can comprehend
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone ;
And did he fly or fall alone ?
Woe to that hour he came or went !
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
To turn a palace to a tomb :
He came, he went, like the Simoom,¹⁰
That harbinger of fate and gloom,

Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death—
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanished from the stall;
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
The lonely spider's thin grey pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
The bat builds in his haram bower;
And in the fortress of his power
The owl usurps the beacon-tower;
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.
And oft had Hassan's childhood played
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast
That sound had harmonised his rest;
And oft had Hassan's youth along
Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;
And softer seemed each melting tone
Of music mingled with its own.

But ne'er shall Hassan's age repose
Along the brink at twilight's close :
The stream that filled that font is fled—
The blood that warmed his heart is shed !
And here no more shall human voice
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
The last sad note that swelled the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail :
That quenched in silence, all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill :
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow man,
So here the very voice of grief
Might wake an echo like relief—
At least 'twould say, « all are not gone ;
There lingers life, though but in one — »
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which solitude might well forbear ;
Within that dome as yet decay
Hath slowly worked her cankering way—
But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,
Nor there the Fakir's self will wait ;
Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
For bounty cheers not his delay ;
Nor there will weary stranger halt
To bless the sacred « bread and salt. »¹¹
Alike must wealth and poverty
Pass heedless and unheeded by,
For courtesy and pity died
With Hassan on the mountain side.
His roof, that refuge unto men,
Is desolation's hungry den.

The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre ! ¹²

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
 But not a voice mine ear to greet ;
 More near—each turban I can scan,
 And silver-sheathed ataghan ; ¹³

The foremost of the band is seen,

An Emir by his garb of green : ¹⁴

“ Ho ! who art thou ?—this low salam ¹⁵

“ Replies of Moslem faith I am.

“ The burthen ye so gently bear,

“ Seems one that claims your utmost care,

“ And, doubtless, holds some precious freight ,

“ My humble bark would gladly wait. ”

“ Thou speakest sooth, thy skiff unmoor,

“ And waft us from the silent shore ;

“ Nay , leave the sail still furled , and ply

“ The nearest oar that's scattered by ,

“ And midway to those rocks where sleep

“ The channelled waters dark and deep.

“ Rest from your task—so—bravely done,

“ Our course has been right swiftly run ;

“ Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,

“ That one of—” * * * *

* * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,

The calm wave rippled to the bank ;

I watched it as it sank, methought

Some motion from the current caught

Bestirred it more,—'twas but the beam

That chequered o'er the living stream :

I gazed, till vanishing from view,
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemmed the tide, then mocked the sight;
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to Genii of the deep,
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen ¹⁶ of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high
 With panting heart and tearful eye:
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betrayed,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice:
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought,
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that wooed its stay
 Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?

Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No : gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * * *

The mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The flames around their captive close,
 Till inly searched by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourished for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain :
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like scorpion girt by fire ; ¹⁷
 So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death !

* * * * *

Black Hassan from the haram flies,
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes ;
 The unwonted chase each hour employs,
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.

Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eve she fled away
When Rhamazan's last sun was set,¹⁸
And flashing from each minaret
Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.
'Twas then she went as to the bath,
Which Hassan vainly searched in wrath;
For she was flown her master's rage
In likeness of a Georgian page,
And far beyond the Moslem's power
Had wronged him with the faithless Giaour.
Somewhat of this had Hassan deemed;
But still so fond, so fair she seemed,
Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserved a grave:
And on that eve had gone to mosque,
And thence to feast in his kiosk.
Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
Who did not watch their charge too well;
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's¹⁹ trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet black steed
Was seen, but seen alone to speed
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,

It will assist thy fancy well;
As large, as languishingly dark,
But soul beamed forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.²⁰
Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's ²¹ arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With paradise within my view,
And all his Houris beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed ²²
Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?
On her might Muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone;
On her fair cheeks unfading hue
The young pomegranate's ²³ blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new;
Her hair in hyacinthine ²⁴ flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
The cygnet nobly walks the water;
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
The loveliest bird of Franguestan! ²⁵
As rears her crest the ruffled swan,

And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide;
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
 Thus armed with beauty would she check
 Intrusion's glance, till folly's gaze
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
 Thus high and graceful was her gait;
 Her heart as tender to her mate;
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
 Alas! that name was not for thee!

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
 With twenty vassals in his train.
 Each armed, as best becomes a man,
 With arquebuss and ataghan;
 The chief before, as decked for war,
 Bears in his belt the scimitar
 Stained with the best of Arnaut blood,
 When in the pass the rebels stood,
 And few returned to tell the tale
 Of what befell in Parne's vale.
 The pistols which his girdle bore
 Were those that once a pasha wore,
 Which still, though gemmed and bossed with gold,
 Even robbers tremble to behold.
 'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
 More true than her who left his side;
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

* * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,

Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer :
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
 In cities lodged too near his lord,
 And trembling for his secret hoard—
 Here may he rest where none can see,
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
 And with forbidden wine may stain
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

* * * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
 The rest in lengthening line the while
 Wind slowly through the long defile :
 Above, the mountain rears a peak,
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
 And theirs may be a feast to-night,
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light ;
 Beneath, a river's wintry stream
 Has shrunk before the summer beam,
 And left a channel bleak and bare,
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there :
 Each side the midway path there lay
 Small broken crags of granite gray,
 By time, or mountain lightning, riven
 From summits clad in mists of heaven ;
 For where is he that hath beheld
 The peak of Liakura unveiled ?

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last :
 Bismillah ! ²⁶ now the peril's past ;

« For yonder view the opening plain,
« And there we'll prick our steeds amain : »
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
A bullet whistled o'er his head ;
The foremost Tartar bites the ground !

Scarce had they time to check the rein,
Swift from their steeds the riders bound ;

But three shall never mount again :
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,

The dying ask revenge in vain.
With steel unsheathed, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,

Half sheltered by the steed ;
Some fly behind the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock,

Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.

Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van

Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey ;

Then curled his very beard ²⁷ with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire :

« Though far and near the bullets hiss,
« I've scaped a bloodier hour than this. »

And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit ;

But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
Nor of his little band a man

Resigned carbine or ataghan,

Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun ! ²⁸
In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately ambushed foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle-charger prance.
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand ?
« 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! I know him now ;
« I know him by his pallid brow ;
« I know him by the evil eye ²⁹
« That aids his envious treachery ;
« I know him by his jet-black barb :
« Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb,
« Apostate from his own vile faith,
« It shall not save him from the death :
« 'Tis he ! well met in any hour !
« Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour ! »

As rolls the river into Ocean,
In sable torrent wildly streaming ;
As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
In azure column proudly gleaming,
Beats back the current many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood,
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter rave ;
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar ;
Thus—as the stream and Ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along.

The bickering sabres' shivering jar;
 And pealing wide or ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The deathshot hissing from afar;
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
 Reverberate along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale :
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
 That neither spares nor speaks for life!
 Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
 To seize and share the dear caress;
 But Love itself could never pant
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes,
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold;
 Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
 True foes once met, are joined till death!

* * * * *

With sabre shivered to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
 Yet strained within the severed hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand;
 His turban far behind him rolled,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streaked with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore, ³⁰

His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that sealed his fate
 Surviving left his quenchless hate ;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * *

« Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
 « But his shall be a redder grave ;
 « Her spirit pointed well the steel
 « Which taught that felon heart to feel.
 « He called the Prophet, but his power
 « Was vain against the vengeful Giaour :
 « He called on Alla—but the word
 « Arose unheeded or unheard.
 « Thou Paynim fool ! could Leila's prayer
 « Be passed, and thine accorded there ?
 « I watched my time, I leagued with these,
 « The traitor in his turn to seize ;
 « My wrath is wreaked, the deed is done,
 « And now I go—but go alone. »

* * * * *

* * * * *

The browzing camels' bells are tinkling :
 His mother looked from her lattice high—
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
 The pasture green beneath her eye,
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling :
 « 'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh. »

She could not rest in the garden-bower,
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower :
 « Why comes he not ? his steeds are fleet,
 « Nor shrink they from the summer heat ;
 « Why sends not the bridegroom his promised gift ?
 « Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift ?
 « Oh, false reproach ! yon Tartar now
 « Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,
 « And warily the steep descends,
 « And now within the valley bends ;
 « And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
 « How could I deem his courser slow ?
 « Right well my largess shall repay
 « His welcome speed, and weary way. »
 The Tartar lighted at the gate,
 But scarce upheld his fainting weight :
 His swarthy visage spake distress,
 But this might be from weariness ;
 His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
 But these might be from his courser's side ;
 He drew the token from his vest—
 Angel of Death ! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest !
 His calpac ³¹ rent—his caftan red—
 « Lady, a fearful bride thy son hath wed :
 « Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
 « But this empurpled pledge to bear.
 « Peace to the brave ! whose blood is spilt :
 « Woe to the Giaour ! for his the guilt. »

* * * * *

A turban ³² carved in coarsest stone,
 A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
 Whereon can now be scarcely read
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,

Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee ;
As ever scorned forbidden wine,
Or prayed with face towards the shrine,
In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of « Alla Hu ! » ³³
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land ;
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.

But him the maids of Paradise
Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes
On him shall glance for ever bright ;
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave, ³⁴
And welcome with a kiss the brave !
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel ! shalt writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe ; ³⁵
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis' throne ; ³⁶
And fire unquenched, unquenchable,
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell ;
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell !
But first, on earth as Vampire ³⁷ sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent :
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race ;

There from thy daugther, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life ;
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse :
 Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the demon for their sire,
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
 Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
 But one that for thy crime must fall,
 The youngest, most beloved of all,
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame !
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
 And the last glassy glance must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue ;
 Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair,
 Of which in life a lock when shorn
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn ;
 But now is borne away by thee,
 Memorial of thine agony !
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip ³⁸
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip ;
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave ;
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From spectre more accursed than they !

* * * * *

« How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
 « His features I have scanned before
 « In mine own land : 'tis many a year,
 « Since, dashing by the lonely shore,

« I saw him urge as fleet a steed
« As ever served a horseman's need.
« But once I saw that face, yet then
« It was so marked with inward pain,
« I could not pass it by again;
« It breathes the same dark spirit now,
« As death were stamped upon his brow. »

« 'Tis twice three years at summer tide
« Since first among our freres he came;
« And here it soothes him to abide
« For some dark deed he will not name.

« But never at our vesper prayer,
« Nor e'er before confession chair
« Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
« Incense or anthem to the skies,
« But broods within his cell alone,
« His faith and race alike unknown.
« The sea from Paynim land he crost,
« And here ascended from the coast;
« Yet seems he not of Othman race,
« But only Christian in his face :
« I'd judge him some stray renegade,
« Repentant of the change he made,
« Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
« Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
« Great largess to these walls he brought,
« And thus our abbot's favour bought ;
« But were I Prior, not a day
« Should brook such stranger's further stay,
« Or pent within our penance cell
« Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
« Much in his visions mutters he
« Of maiden 'whelmed beneath the sea ;

« Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
 « Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
 « On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 « And rave as to some bloody hand
 « Fresh severed from its parent limb,
 « Invisible to all but him,
 « Which beckons onward to his grave,
 « And lures to leap into the wave. »

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl :
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by ;
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue.
 For in it lurks that nameless spell
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
 A spirit yet unquelled and high,
 That claims and keeps ascendancy ;
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
 From him the half-affrighted Friar
 When met alone would fain retire,
 As if that eye and bitter smile
 Transferred to others fear and guile :
 Not oft to smile descendeth he,
 And when he doth 'tis sad to see
 That he but mocks at misery.
 How that pale lip will curl and quiver !
 Then fix once more as if for ever ;

* *

As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face :
Time hath not yet the features fixed,
But brighter traits with evil mixed ;
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded :
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high :
Alas ! though both bestowed in vain,
Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.
The roofless cot, decayed and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer by ;
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye ;
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone !

- « His floating robe around him folding,
- « Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle ;
- « With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
- « The rites that sanctify the pile.

« But when the anthem shakes the choir,
« And kneel the monks, his steps retire ;
« By yonder lone and wavering torch
« His aspect glares within the porch ;
« There will he pause till all is done—
« And hear the prayer, but utter none.
« See—by the half-illumined wall
« His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
« That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
« As if the Gorgon there had bound
« The sablest of the serpent-braid
« That o'er her fearful forehead strayed :
« For he declines the convent oath,
« And leaves those locks unhallowed growth,
« But wears our garb in all beside ;
« And, not from piety but pride,
« Gives wealth to walls that never heard
« Of his one holy vow nor word.
« Lo !—mark ye, as the harmony
« Peals louder praises to the sky,
« That livid cheek, that stony air
« Of mixed defiance and despair !
« Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine !
« Else may we dread the wrath divine
« Made manifest by awful sign.
« If ever evil angel bore
« The form of mortal, such he wore :
« By all my hope of sins forgiven,
« Such looks are not of earth nor heaven ! »

To love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own ;
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet, or brave despair ;

And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal.
 The rugged metal of the mine
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same ;
 Then tempered to thy want, or will,
 'Twill serve thee to defend or kill ;
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed ;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those who shape its edge, beware !
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart ;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief ;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less.
 We loathe what none are left to share :
 Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear ;
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay !

It is as if the desart-bird, ³⁹
 Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famished nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferred,
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desart of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemployed.
 Who would be doomed to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
 Better to sink beneath the shock,
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

* * * * *

« Father ! thy days have passed in peace,
 « Mid counted beads, and countless prayer ;
 « To bid the sins of others cease,
 « Thyself without a crime or care,
 « Save transient ills that all must bear,
 « Has been thy lot from youth to age ;
 « And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 « Of passions fierce and uncontrolled,
 « Such as thy penitents unfold,
 « Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
 « Within thy pure and pitying breast.

“ My days, though few, have passed below
“ In much of joy, but more of woe;
“ Yet still in hours of love or strife,
“ I’ve ’scaped the weariness of life :
“ Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,
“ I loathed the languor of repose.
“ Now nothing left to love or hate,
“ No more with hope or pride elate,
“ I’d rather be the thing that crawls
“ Most noxious o’er a dungeon’s walls,
“ Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
“ Condemned to meditate and gaze.
“ Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
“ For rest—but not to feel ’tis rest.
“ Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
“ And I shall sleep without the dream
“ Of what I was, and would be still,
“ Dark as to thee my deeds may seem :
“ My memory now is but the tomb
“ Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom;
“ Though better to have died with those,
“ Than bear a life of lingering woes.
“ My spirit shrunk not to sustain
“ The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
“ Nor sought the self-accorded grave
“ Of ancient fool and modern knave :
“ Yet death I have not feared to meet;
“ And in the field it had been sweet,
“ Had danger wooed me on to move
“ The slave of glory, not of love.
“ I’ve braved it—not for honour’s boast;
“ I smile at laurels won or lost;
“ To such let others carve their way,
“ For high renown, or hireling pay :

“ But place again before my eyes
“ Aught that I deem a worthy prize;
“ The maid I love, the man I hate,
“ And I will hunt the steps of fate,
“ To save or slay, as these require,
“ Through rending steel, and rolling fire;
“ Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one
“ Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
“ Death is but what the haughty brave,
“ The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;
“ Then let life go to him who gave :
“ I have not quailed to danger's brow
“ When high and happy—need I *now*?

* * * * *

“ I loved her, friar! nay, adored—
“ But these are words that all can use—
“ I proved it more in deed than word;
“ There's blood upon that dinted sword,
“ A stain its steel can never lose :
“ 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
“ It warmed the heart of one abhorred :
“ Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
“ Nor midst my sins such act record;
“ Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
“ For he was hostile to thy creed!
“ The very name of Nazarene
“ Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
“ Ungrateful fool! since but for brands
“ Well wielded in some hardy hands,
“ And wounds by Galileans given,
“ The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
“ For him his Houris still might wait
“ Impatient at the prophet's gate.

- “ I loved her—love will find its way
“ Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,
“ And if it dares enough, ’twere hard
“ If passion met not some reward—
“ No matter how, or where, or why,
“ I did not vainly seek, nor sigh :
“ Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
“ I wish she had not loved again.
“ She died—I dare not tell thee how ;
“ But look—’tis written on my brow !
“ There read of Cain the curse and crime,
“ In characters unworn by time :
“ Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause ;
“ Not mine the act, though I the cause.
“ Yet did he but what I had done
“ Had she been false to more than one.
“ Faithless to him, he gave the blow ;
“ But true to me, I laid him low :
“ Howe’er deserved her doom might be,
“ Her treachery was truth to me ;
“ To me she gave her heart, that all
“ Which tyranny can ne’er enthrall ;
“ And I, alas ! too late to save !
“ Yet all I then could give, I gave,
“ ’Twas some relief, our foe a grave.
“ His death sits lightly ; but her fate
“ Has made me—what thou well may’st hate.
“ His doom was sealed—he knew it well,
“ Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,
“ Deep in whose darkly boding ear
“ The deathshot pealed of murder near,
“ As filed the troop to where they fell !
“ He died too in the battle broil,
“ A time that heeds nor pain nor toil ;

" One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 " One prayer to Alla, all he made:
 " He knew and crossed me in the fray—
 " I gazed upon him where he lay,
 " And watched his spirit ebb away :
 " Though pierced like Pard by hunters' steel,
 " He felt not half that now I feel.
 " I searched, but vainly searched, to find
 " The workings of a wounded mind ;
 " Each feature of that sullen corse
 " Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.
 " Oh ! what had Vengeance given to trace
 " Despair upon his dying face !
 " The late repentance of that hour,
 " When Penitence hath lost her power
 " To tear one terror from the grave,
 " And will not soothe, and cannot save.

* * * * *

" The cold in clime are cold in blood,
 " Their love can scarce deserve the name ;
 " But mine was like the lava flood
 " That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
 " I cannot prate in puling strain
 " Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain :
 " If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
 " Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
 " If bursting heart, and mad'ning brain,
 " And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
 " And all that I have felt, and feel,
 " Betoken love—that love was mine,
 " And shewn by many a bitter sign.
 " 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
 " I knew but to obtain or die.

- « I die—but first I have possessed,
« And come what may, I *have been* blest.
« Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
« No—reft of all, yet undismayed
« But for the thought of Leila slain,
« Give me the pleasure with the pain,
« So would I live and love again.
« I grieve, but not, my holy guide,
« For him who dies, but her who died :
« She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
« Ah ! had she but an earthly grave,
« This breaking heart and throbbing head
« Should seek and share her narrow bed.
« She was a form of life and light ,
« That, seen, became a part of sight ;
« And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
« The morning-star of Memory !
« Yes, love indeed is light from heaven ;
« A spark of that immortal fire
« With angels shared, by Alla given,
« To lift from earth our low desire.
« Devotion wafts the mind above,
« But Heaven itself descends in love ;
« A feeling from the Godhead caught,
« To wean from self each sordid thought ;
« A ray of him who formed the whole ;
« A glory circling round the soul !
« I grant *my* love imperfect, all
« That mortals by the name miscall ;
« Then deem it evil, what thou wilt ;
« But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt !
« She was my life's unerring light :
« That quenched, what beam shall break my night ?

“ Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
“ Although to death or deadliest ill!
“ Why marvel ye, if they who lose
“ This present joy, this future hope,
“ No more with sorrow meekly cope;
“ In phrenzy then their fate accuse:
“ In madness do those fearful deeds
“ That seem to add but guilt to woe?
“ Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
“ Hath nought to dread from outward blow;
“ Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
“ Cares little into what abyss.
“ Fierce as the gloomy vulture’s now
“ To thee, old man, my deeds appear:
“ I read abhorrence on thy brow,
“ And this too was I born to bear!
“ ’Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
“ With havock have I marked my way:
“ But this was taught me by the dove,
“ To die—and know no second love.
“ This lesson yet hath man to learn,
“ Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
“ The bird that sings within the brake,
“ The swan that swims upon the lake,
“ One mate, and one alone, will take.
“ And let the fool still prone to range,
“ And sneer on all who cannot change,
“ Partake his jest with boasting boys;
“ I envy not his varied joys,
“ But deem such feeble, heartless man,
“ Less than yon solitary swan;
“ Far, far beneath the shallow maid
“ He left believing and betrayed.

“ Such shame at least was never mine—
“ Leila ! each thought was only thine !
“ My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
“ My hope on high—my all below.
“ Earth holds no other like to thee,
“ Or if it doth, in vain for me :
“ For worlds I dare not view the dame
“ Resembling thee, yet not the same.
“ The very crimes that mar my youth,
“ This bed of death— attest my truth !
“ ’Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art
“ The cherished madness of my heart !

“ And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
“ But not the breath of human life :
“ A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
“ And stung my every thought to strife.
“ Alike all time, abhorred all place,
“ Shuddering I shrunk from Nature’s face,
“ Where every hue that charmed before,
“ The blackness of my bosom wore.
“ The rest thou dost already know,
“ And all my sins, and half my woe.
“ But talk no more of penitence ;
“ Thou see’st I soon shall part from hence :
“ And if thy holy tale were true,
“ The deed that’s done can’st *thou* undo ?
“ Think me not thankless—but this grief
“ Looks not to priesthood for relief.⁴⁰
“ My soul’s estate in secret guess :
“ But would’st thou pity more, say less.
“ When thou can’st bid my Leila live,
“ Then will I sue thee to forgive ;

“ Then plead my cause in that high place
“ Where purchased masses proffer grace.
“ Go, when the hunter’s hand hath wrung
“ From forest-cave her shrieking young,
“ And calm the lonely lioness :
“ But soothe not—mock not *my* distress !

“ In earlier days, and calmer hours,
“ When heart with heart delights to blend,
“ Where bloom my native valley’s bowers
“ I had—Ah ! have I now?—a friend !
“ To him this pledge I charge thee send,
“ Memorial of a youthful vow ;
“ I would remind him of my end :
“ Though souls absorbed like mine allow
“ Brief thought to distant friendship’s claim,
“ Yet dear to him my blighted name.
“ ’Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
“ And I have smiled—I then could smile—
“ When Prudence would his voice assume,
“ And warn—I recked not what—the while :
“ But now remembrance whispers o’er
“ Those accents scarcely marked before.
“ Say—that his bodings came to pass,
“ And he will start to hear their truth,
“ And wish his words had not been sooth :
“ Tell him, unheeding as I was ,
“ Through many a busy bitter scene
“ Of all our golden youth had been,
“ In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
“ To bless his memory ere I died ;
“ But heaven in wrath would turn away ,
“ If guilt should for the guiltless pray.
“ I do not ask him not to blame,

“ Too gentle he to wound my name;
“ And what have I to do with fame?
“ I do not ask him not to mourn,
“ Such cold request might sound like scorn;
“ And what than friendship’s manly tear
“ May better grace a brother’s bier?
“ But bear this ring, his own of old,
“ And tell him—what thou dost behold!
“ The withered frame, the ruined mind,
“ The wrack by passion left behind,
“ A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,
“ Seared by the autumn blast of grief!

* * * * *

“ Tell me no more of fancy’s gleam,
“ No, father, no, ’twas not a dream;
“ Alas! the dreamer first must sleep.
“ I only watched, and wished to weep;
“ But could not, for my burning brow
“ Throbb’d to the very brain as now:
“ I wished but for a single tear,
“ As something welcome, new, and dear:
“ I wished it then, I wish it still,
“ Despair is stronger than my will.
“ Waste not thine orison, despair
“ Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
“ I would not, if I might, be blest,
“ I want no paradise, but rest.
“ ’Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
“ I saw her; yes, she lived again;
“ And shining in her white symar,⁴¹
“ As through yon pale grey cloud the star
“ Which now I gaze on, as on her,
“ Who looked and looks far lovelier;

- “ Dimly I view its trembling spark ;
“ To-morrow’s night shall be more dark ;
“ And I, before its rays appear,
“ That lifeless thing the living fear.
“ I wander, father ! for my soul
“ Is fleeting towards the final goal.
“ I saw her, friar ! and I rose
“ Forgetful of our former woes ;
“ And rushing from my couch, I dart,
“ And clasp her to my desperate heart ;
“ I clasp—what is it that I clasp ?
“ No breathing form within my grasp,
“ No heart that beats reply to mine,
“ Yet, Leila ! yet the form is thine !
“ And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
“ As meet my eye, yet mock my touch ?
“ Ah ! were thy beauties e’er so cold,
“ I care not ; so my arms enfold
“ The all they ever wished to hold.
“ Alas ! around a shadow prest,
“ They shrink upon my lonely breast ;
“ Yet still ’tis there ! in silence stands,
“ And beckons with beseeching hands !
“ With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
“ I knew ’twas false—she could not die !
“ But he is dead ! within the dell
“ I saw him buried where he fell ;
“ He comes not, for he cannot break
“ From earth ; why then art thou awake ?
“ They told me wild waves rolled above
“ The face I view, the form I love ;
“ They told me—’twas a hideous tale !
“ I’d tell it, but my tongue would fail :

« If true, and from thine Ocean—cave
 « Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;
 « Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
 « This brow that then will burn no more;
 « Or place them on my hopeless heart:
 « But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,
 « In mercy ne'er again depart!
 « Or farther with thee bear my soul,
 « Than winds can waft or waters roll!

* * * * *

« Such is my name, and such my tale.
 « Confessor! to thy secret ear
 « I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
 « And thank thee for the generous tear
 « This glazing eye could never shed.
 « Then lay me with the humblest dead,
 « And, save the cross above my head,
 « Be neither name nor emblem spread,
 « By prying stranger to be read,
 « Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread. »

He passed—nor of his name and race
 Hath left a token or a trace,
 Save what the father must not say
 Who shrived him on his dying day.
 This broken tale was all we knew
 Of her he loved, or him he slew.⁴²

NOTES TO THE GIAOUR.

Note 1, page 191, line 3.

That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff.

A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Note 2, page 191, line 22.

Sultana of the nightingale.

The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the « Bulbul of a thousand tales » is one of his appellations.

Note 3, page 192, line 16.

Till the gay mariner's guitar.

The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night : with a steady fair wind and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

Note 4, page 193, line 23.

Where cold obstruction's apathy.

« Ay, but to die and go we know not where,

« To lie in cold obstruction. »

Measure for Measure, Act. III. 130. Sc. 2.

Note 5, page 193, line 31.

The first, last look, by death revealed.

I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description ; but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after « the spirit is not there. » It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character ; but in death from a stab, the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

Note 6, page 195, line 27.

Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave.

Athens is the property of the Kiskar Aga, (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women) who appoints the Waywode. A pandar and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now *governs* the *governor* of Athens!

Note 7, p. 197, line 4.

'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour.

Infidel.

Note 8, p. 198, line 8.

In echoes of the far tophaike.

« Tophaike, » musquet.—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the Mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

Note 9, p. 199, line 1.

Swift as the hurled on high jerreed.

Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople—I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.

Note 10, page 199, line 32.

He came, he went, like the Simoom.

The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

Note 11, page 201, line 28.

To bless the sacred « bread and salt. »

To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, insures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.

Note 12, page 202, line 2.

Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre.

I need hardly observe, that charity and hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very

generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty ; the next, on his valour.

Note 13, page 202, line 7.

And silver-sheathed ataghan.

The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver ; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

Note 14, page 202, line 9.

An Emir by his garb of green.

Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants ; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works : they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

Note 15, page 202, line 10.

Ho ! who art thou ?—this low salam.

Salam aleikoum ! aleikoum salam ! peace be with you ; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful :—to a christian, « Urlarula, » a good journey ; or saban hiresem, saban serula ; good morn, good even ; and sometimes, « may your end be happy ; » are the usual salutes.

Note 16, page 203, line 11.

The insect-queen of eastern spring.

The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Note 17, page 204, line 24.

Or live like Scorpion girt by fire.

Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement ; but others have actually brought in the verdict « Felo de se. » The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question ; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

Note 18, page 205, line 7.

When Rhamazan's last sun was set.

The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan. See note 8.

Note 19, page 205, line 26.

By pale Phingari's trembling light.

Phingari, the moon.

Note 20, page 206, line 5.

Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.

The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, «the torch of night;» also, the «cup of the sun,» etc.—In the first editions «Giamschid» was written as a word of three syllables, so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes «Jamshid.» I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

Note 21, page 206, line 9.

Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood.

All-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a «*facilis descensus Averni*,» not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

Note 22, page 206, line 14.

And keep that portion of his creed.

A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern «any fitness of things» in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

Note 23, page 206, line 20.

The young pomegranate's blossoms strew.

An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed «plus Arabe qu'en Arabie.»

Note 24, page 206, line 22.

Her hair in hyacinthine flow.

Hyacinthine, in Arabic, « Sunbul, » as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

Note 25, page 206, line 32.

The loveliest bird of Franguestan.

« Franguestan, » Circassia.

Note 26, page 208, line 32.

Bismillah! now the peril's past.

Bismillah—« In the name of God ; » the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Note 27, page 209, line 25.

Then curled his very beard with ire.

A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans ; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which probably saved more heads than they contained hairs.

Note 28, page 210, line 1.

Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!

« Amaun, » quarter, pardon.

Note 29, page 210, line 10.

I know him by the evil eye.

The « evil eye, » a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

Note 30, page 211, line 32.

A fragment of his palampore.

The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

Note 31, page 213, line 23.

His calpac rent—his castan red.

The « Calpac » is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress ; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

Note 32, page 213, line 30.

A turban carved in coarsest stone.

The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on enquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

Note 33, page 214, line 8.

At solemn sound of « Alla Hu ! »

« Alla Hu ! » the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Note 34, page 214, line 17.

They come—their kerchiefs green they wave.

The following is part of a battle song of the Turks :—
« I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee, » etc.

Note 35, page 214, line 23.

Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe.

Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

Note 36, page 214, line 25.

To wander round lost Ebli's throne.

Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

Note 37, page 214, line 30.

But first, on earth as Vampire sent.

The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes about these « Vroucolochas, » as he calls them. The Romaic term is « Vardoulacha. » I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that « Broucolokas » is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil. The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

Note 38, page 215, line 23.

Wet with thine own best blood shall drip.

The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

Note 39, page 221, line 1.

It is as if the desert-bird.

The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

Note 40, page 228, line 28.

Looks not to priesthood for relief.

The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the penitent), and was delivered in the nasal tone of all orthodox preachers.

Note 41, page 230, line 30.

And shining in her white symar.

« Symar » — Shroud.

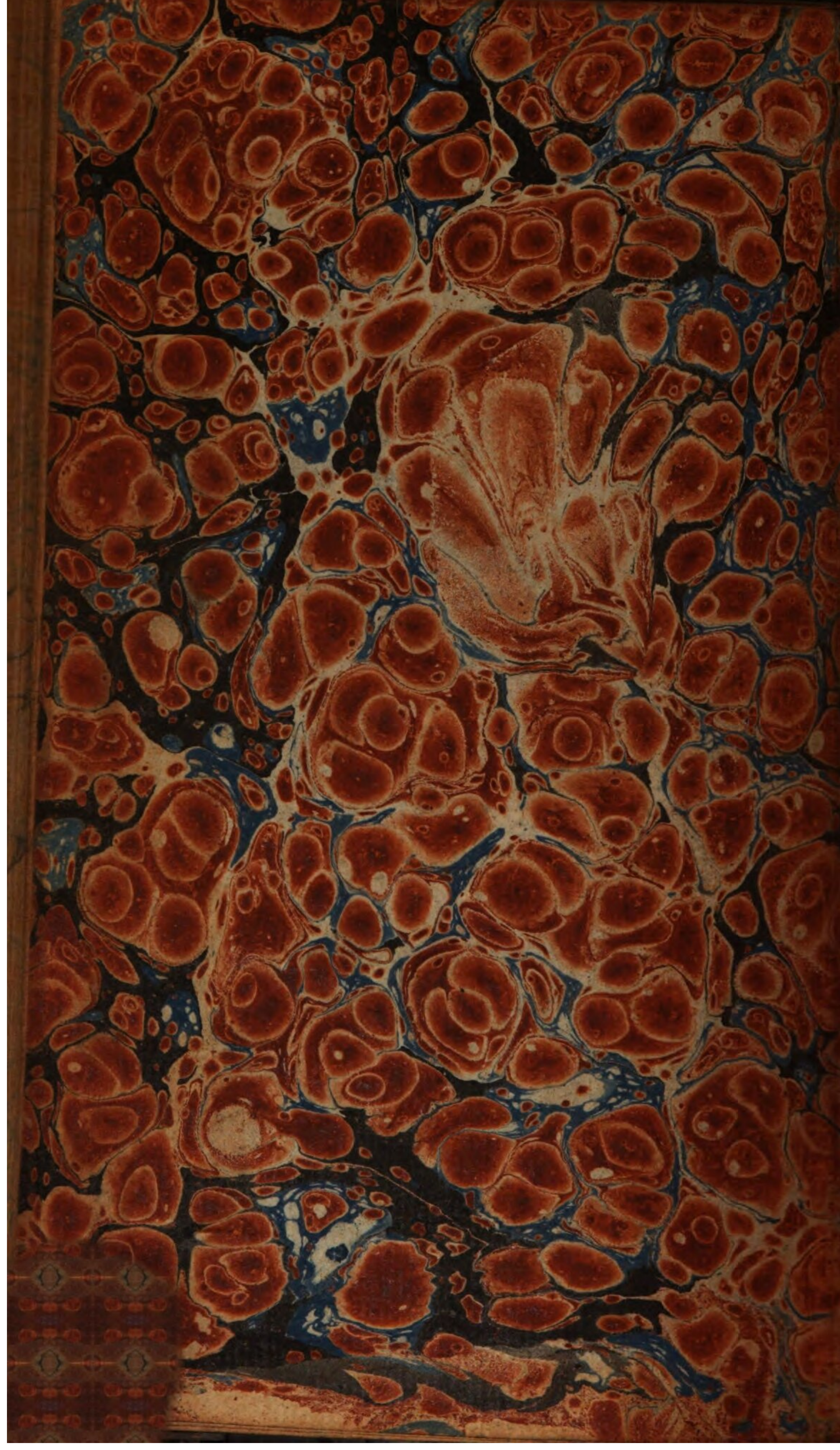
Note 42, page 232, last line.

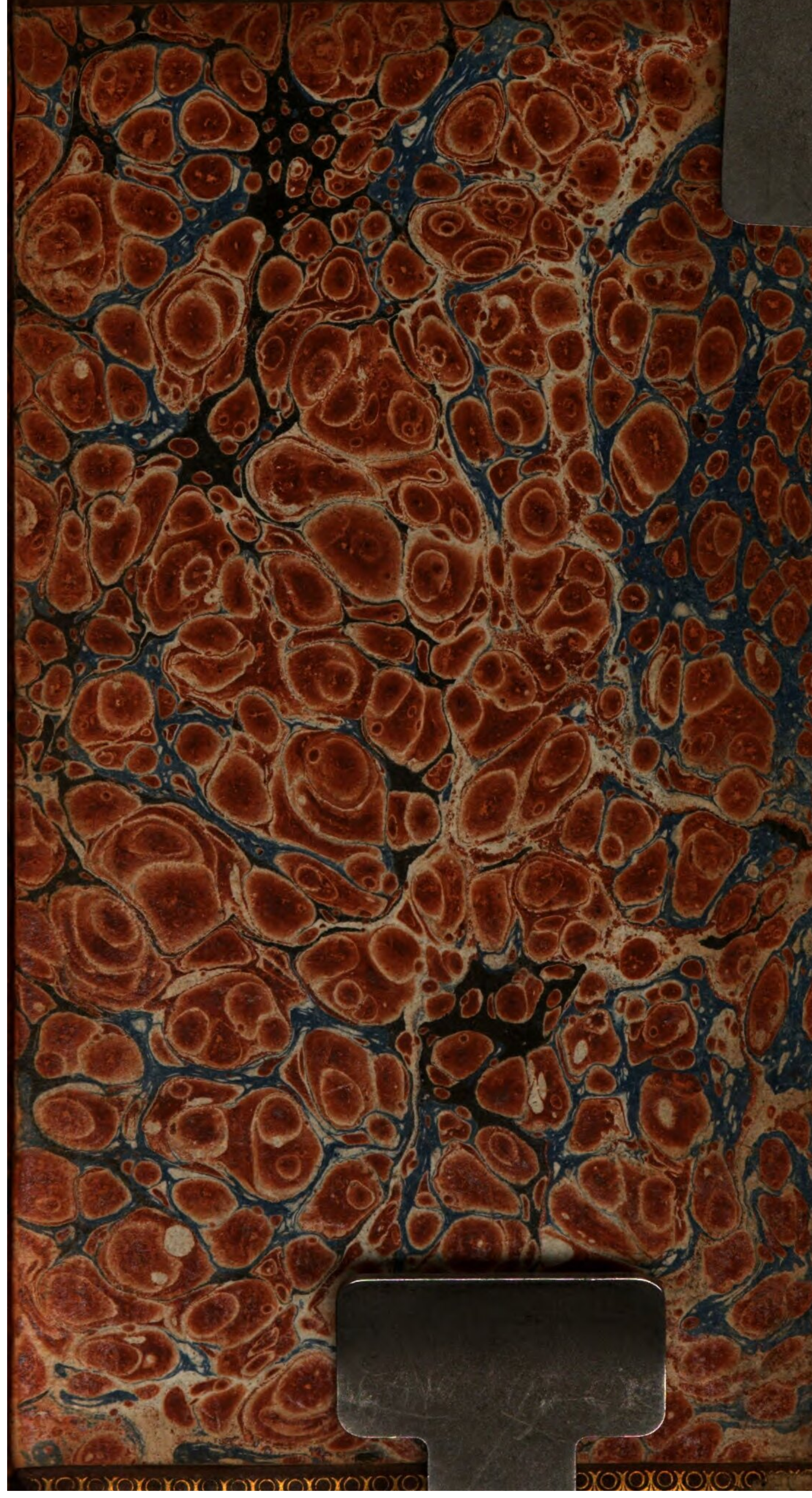
The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of

Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden a «wrench from all we know, from all we love.» The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery, and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original,

For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, «sublime tale,» the «Caliph Vathek.» I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the «Bibliothèque Orientale;» but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations, and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East, will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his «Happy Valley» will not bear a comparison with the «Hall of Eblis.»

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.





Byron, George Gordon Byron

Lord Byron's works

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